

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1919

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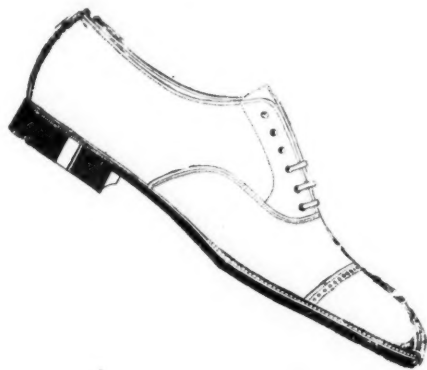
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*Dolly*—He promised to send back my lock of hair, but he hasn't done it yet.  
*Molly*—That's the way with those hair restorers—all promise and no performance.—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

"It's just as wrong to gamble when you win as when you lose." "Yassuh," asserted Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "De immorality is jes' as great, but de inconvenience ain't."—*Washington Star*.

♦♦♦

*Sarcastic Cabby (to stout old lady who has just paid the minimum fare, with no tip)*—Excuse me, madam, would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse. *Old Lady*—Why? *Cabby*—Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 've a fit.—*Tit-Bits*.

## New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

IVAN SPEAKS translated from the Russian by Thomas Whittmore. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., 75 cts.

Sayings overheard by a Russian nurse working among Russian soldiers at the front in 1915, 1916 and 1917. Spoken without premeditation, they reveal something of the mystery of the Russian soul.

THE GENTLEMAN RANKER by Leon Gordon. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.50.

Three plays by the young English author and playwright now starring in America in "The Better Ole." The title-play is a dramatic episode in four scenes. "As a Pal" is a cockney comedy, played with success at the Metropolitan theatre in London; "Leave the Woman Out" is a detective play in one act which has been played both in England and America. Frontispiece by Nicholas Joy.

THEY WHO UNDERSTAND by Lillian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., \$1.25.

In this volume Miss Whiting aims to embody and extend the philosophy of "The Spiritual Significance." The conception presented is simply that the change we term death is no break, no interruption in the continuity of that evolutionary progress called life. She writes glowingly of spiritual experiences and of the phenomena of physical research.

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES by E. T. Raymond. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$2.50.

A collection of critical studies of thirty or forty prominent Britishers more or less well known internationally, among them being Asquith, Balfour, Grey, Milner, Smuts, Northcliffe, Churchill, Carson, Henderson, Lloyd George, Geddes and Haldane. First published in "Everyman."

THE WAR DIARY OF A DIPLOMAT by Lee Meriwether. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.

A journal of the day's most interesting events jotted down for the entertainment and information of his wife by the Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to France, 1916-1918. Mr. Meriwether is a St. Louisan.

WHY JOAN? by Eleanor Mercein Kelly. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

A Kentucky romance.

CIVILIZATION by Georges Duhamel. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

A book of flaming sketches, short stories, silhouettes, the chief figures of which are wounded French soldiers. The author was surgeon on an ambulance at the front for four years and his book won the 1918 Goncourt prize.

THE AMERICAN by Mary Dillon. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

A novel by the author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis."

DIVERGING ROADS by Rose Wilder Jones. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

A story of the Pacific coast of today, giving glimpses of life in a small town in the barren oil districts, on a fruit farm and the glittering society of San Francisco.

PROPOSED ROADS TO FREEDOM by Bertrand Russell. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

An attempt to extract the essence of Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism, first historically and then for whatever guidance they may give in the coming reconstruction, it being urged that while none can be accepted *en bloc* all have something to contribute toward the future civilization which we wish to create. Indexed.

THE VALLEY OF VISION by Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

Romance and some half told tales. Two-color illustrations.

SONGS AND POEMS by John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.

A book of lyrics and odes. Mr. Chapman adheres to the classic forms. His work is characterized by both beauty and vigor. It contains half a dozen striking poems on the war and a splendid tribute to Theodore Roosevelt.

LADY LARSPUR by Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.

A mysterious romance done in Mr. Nicholson's most charming manner.

BITS OF BACKGROUND by Emma Beatrice Brunner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.

Four readable one-act plays especially interesting to little-theatre enthusiasts.

DOMUS DOLORIS by W. Compton Leith. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

Recording the spiritual sensations of one who has almost compassed death but returns to consciousness to find himself in deep pain, tenderly cared for by the skilled, deft hands of trained attendants. By the author of "Serenity."

THE AMETHYST RING by Anatole France. New York: John Lane Co.

The works of Anatole France in an English translation edited by Frederic Chapman. The present volume is translated by B. Drillion and it is a beautiful bit of printing.

THE PELICANS by E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.75.

A new novel by the author of "Zella Sees Herself" and "The War Workers" pronounced by some critics as this newly risen satirical author's best work.

CAESAR OR NOTHING by Pio Baroja. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.

Baroja contests with Ibanez for the honor of being Spain's greatest novelist. Spaniards generally concede this to be his best work. It tells of a brilliant young Spaniard who wishes to reform his country and its government, and entertainingly sketches the cosmopolitan society of Rome. Translated by Louis How.

LETTERS OF HARRY JAMES SMITH. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$2.

Posthumous collection of the personal correspondence of the brilliant young author of "The Tailor-Made Man," "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh" and other plays. Introduction by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

MARTIN SCHULER by Romer Wilson. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

A novel whose hero is a genius, the incarnation of the artistic temperament, which, of course, means much action.

THE FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS by Caroline Lockhart. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.50.

A story of the West, showing the rivalry of small-town "society" and the open life of the plains. Frontispiece.

WORLD-POWER AND EVOLUTION by Ellsworth Huntington. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, \$2.50.

Business activities vary in extraordinary harmony with health; health varies with climatic conditions; therefore, physical environment is co-equal with heredity and training in the human equation and man's activities hinge upon climate. This is the thesis lucidly set forth in the present volume. Indexed.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SLEEP by Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$1.75.

Ten adventures in the life of an insomniac man, experienced in Manhattan, between midnight and dawn. Illustrated.

DOUBLE-EAGLES by Mark S. Gross. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.50.

A tale of fishing and treasure hunting and haidbreadth escapes along a Missouri stream. For boys.

MCTEAGUE by Frank Norris. New York: Boni & Liveright, 70c.

This realistic novel is considered by many Frank Norris' best. Here published in the Modern Library series, pocket size, limp cloth leather. Introduction by Henry S. Pancoast.

FAIRY TALES AND POEMS IN PROSE by Oscar Wilde. New York: Boni & Liveright, 70c.

A phase of Wilde's character but little known is exhibited in these tales. In them is omitted all the artificiality which marred some of his other work; in them is contained his delight in beauty, color and wit. Of the Modern Library series; see above.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 13

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.  
All business communications should be addressed  
"Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S.  
A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Burst the Cinch!

By William Marion Reedy

A POWERFUL Republican machine is in complete control of the City of St. Louis. That machine indorses unqualifiedly the iniquitous deal by which the mayor validated the questioned franchises of the United Railways after the failure of the company to defeat the referendum of a compromise ordinance by burglarious theft of the referendum petitions forced the corporation to reject the ordinance. The city received nothing in consideration of the withdrawal of its proceedings to forfeit a corporation franchise. The company agreed to pay a mill tax that all the courts up to the Supreme Court had declared to be legal. The validation gave the corporation an opportunity to add to its watered securities, interest upon which citizens must pay. It was a gift of millions for nothing.

Because of the mayor's action citizens began a movement for his recall. A first gathering of signatures for a recall election was thrown out as insufficient. A second gathering of signatures is being similarly burked in the election commissioners' office by throwing out signatures in numbers sufficient to make the total fall short of the percentage of signatures required by the charter. The rejection of names is so sweepingly carried out that the suspicion is strong that the action is taken ruthlessly to prevent, by fair means or foul, the holding of the recall election. The rejections are made by the Republican members of the election board.

The one Republican alderman who voted against ratification of the mayor's deal was defeated for renomination and attempt was made upon a technicality to prevent his filing as an independent candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen at the election to be held next Tuesday. The threat of court proceedings caused the board to accept the papers of candidacy of the man undesirable by the machine. The regular Republican nominee is a good man who stands for the mayor's bad deal and with the bad machine.

The Democrats have nominated for President of the Board of Aldermen a brilliant and upright young man who has denounced the sell-out of the city to the street railway corporation, Mr. Flint Garrison. He doesn't believe in legislation by burglary, in hole-and-corner compromises of the city's rights in the thoroughfares or in election board hamstringing of movements for the recall. Mr. Garrison does not believe in government of St. Louis for and by the United Railways company. He holds that franchises should be paid for by those to whom they are given and that the public should not be called on to pay in increased fares the interest upon watered securities. He believes that if the company's securities were dehydrated there would be no necessity for the six-cent fare now charged in place of the five-cent fare authorized by the contract between the city and the company in the franchise. Mr. Garrison is the man who should be elected President of the Board of Aldermen, because he is for the city and its citizens and against the Republican machine that is for the railway corporation. He should be elected as a rebuke to the machine and the railway company. He should be elected in protest against government by burglary and against the counting out of the recall petitions. And it would be well for the people to elect a goodly number of Democratic candidates for aldermen with him, solely to break the stranglehold on the city by the Republican machine and the United Railways company.

St. Louis can make a good start on bursting the cinch on this town by all the public service corpo-

rations by smashing the Republican machine next Tuesday. Vote for Flint Garrison and all the good men on the aldermanic ticket with him. To elect Mr. Garrison and some of his associate Democratic nominees would be in itself a sort of recall of the mayor, who, in his kindheartedness, was willing to help a corporation friend that failed to help itself to a franchise by burglary.

♦♦♦♦

## Hurry Up the Peace

By William Marion Reedy

*The Appeal to Lenine*

HUNGARY has been captured by the proletarian revolution and Austria is desperately affected towards Bolshevism. The Russian overflow has swamped the rather disintegrated forces of old-fashioned law and order in those countries, not, it may well be suspected, without German instigation and encouragement. Old Germany is not yet dead, we may well believe. Its voice is heard in Ebert's declaration that Germany will not accept a corridor through Prussia for Poland to the port of Dantzig. And the revolt in Hungary was precipitated by the provisional president, Count Karolyi, summoning the proletarians to support Hungary in opposition to the boundaries fixed by the Allies.

The appeal is to Lenine and Trotzky against Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Sonnino. And the action is more significant than most Westerners suspect. We are accustomed to think of democracy as the last word in world reform, but we do not realize that in the Slav, and indeed in the Latin countries too, advanced thinking proceeds on the assumption or conviction that democracy is a failure and that the world must be made over along lines that are at once socialistic, syndicalist and anarchistic. Bolshevism, these people say, is the next step after democracy. It is evolution to be assisted by revolution, as is shown in Bertrand Russell's revealing book, "Proposed Roads to Freedom" (Holt, New York). Bolshevism seethes in the Slav lands. It is rife in Bohemia, Croatia, Rumania, Serbia, and why? Because so many of those people have returned from this country with evil report of democracy, that it is a mask for plutocracy, that it is the government of exploiters, sweaters and profiteers.

♦♦

*Reasons for Distrust*

Democracy is not the political and social and economic panacea, to those people, that it is to our conventional, phrase-intoxicated politicians. This is the *Realpolitik* view in Germany also, and such a view is not less convincing to a people who have lost a war and find themselves, as they believe, treated much as enemies of the human race. It is natural that German influence should align itself with those forces to the east of that country that oppose as a sham the democracy which it is the proclaimed intention of the Allies to force upon Germany. To save herself from being crushed utterly Germany turns to what she cannot but regard as the one power which can, if anything can, save her from the utmost rigor of the terms of peace to be given to the vanquished by the victors. Germany dreads the peace terms the more because their formulation is so long delayed. Suspense seconds starvation in generating sentiment that is increasingly Spartacidal. Austria is intensely German for the most part and to mass discontent is added a racial sympathy which favors anything as opposed to utter suppression of Teutonism. Neither Germany nor Austria can with much enthusiasm fend off Bolshevism so long as that



movement, whatever else it may be, is essentially at odds with allied political and economic principles.



#### *Debating and Doing*

While the Peace Conference debates German-  
dom's fate, to determine all the penalty it can bear,  
Germandom casts about for some possibility of  
escape and fosters the revolution on the theory that  
as revolution is strengthened the victors are newly  
menaced and must, in meeting that menace, soften  
the peace terms in the hope of enlisting German-  
dom against Bolshevism. As for Lenin's govern-  
ment, it plays for the whole world. It will accept  
aid to its end from any quarter. It recognizes the  
Allies as its one supreme enemy, and its propa-  
ganda is terribly effective among people who have  
come through slaughter to hunger and are only  
too ready to see that nothing can be worse than  
their present situation, that anything may be better,  
that the remedy for the world is the destruction of  
all governments of the old order that have brought  
the people to their present piteous plight. Bolshe-  
vism spreads and will continue to spread so long  
as the peace conference keeps the world on tenter-  
hooks as to the peace settlement. Nothing is cer-  
tain as to world-status. In a vast region from the  
Rhine to the Danube authority is precarious,  
society is disorganized, forces of occupation exas-  
perate the people and there is the dread that war  
may come again soon. There is moreover the  
feeling that peace is held up until various imperial-  
isms have grasped power where they wish to extend  
it, and can confront the world with accomplished  
facts of occupation and control in the interests of  
order. How tense the situation is can best be  
appreciated by the readiness to believe the rumor  
that President Masaryk has resigned the presi-  
dency of Czecho-Slovakia before the rising of some-  
thing like proletarianism in that domain. The sus-  
picion is abroad that the peace conference conceals  
a scheme by the parties thereto for the mastery of  
the world. Bolshevism and still vital Germanism  
quickens this suspicion and galvanizes discontent  
and distress into revolution.



#### *How to Check the Reds*

Clearly, therefore, the first thing necessary to  
dissipate revolution is to remove suspicion of  
allied motives. This can only be done by formu-  
lating the peace terms at the earliest possible mo-  
ment. Let Germany and Austria know exactly  
what they have to meet. Let the Jugo-Slavs know  
if they are to be despoiled of Fiume and the Dal-  
matian region. The answer to Bolshevism must be  
a clean-cut demonstration that democracy in the  
peace conference is not a disguise for imperialist  
plutocracy. The conference must show that its  
rectification of boundaries is consistent with na-  
tionalistic and racial self-determination. It must  
indicate plainly those governments it will support  
upon a self-determining basis and demonstrate that  
such governments will be aided in the first great  
task confronting them—the alleviation of hunger.  
While the conference fiddles the world suffers. To  
all those people in the Teuton and Slav world only  
one great force knows where it is going and is  
steadily on its way. That force is Bolshevism. It  
has a definite policy and program. It grows in  
strength. It holds forth alluring promises to the  
people. It is trying apparently to translate those  
promises into performance. It is a government  
that governs and it represents, as Col. Raymond  
Robins says, ninety-three per cent of the people of  
Russia in enforcing a proposal that there shall be  
a world controlled by the people of the world.



#### *Deliver Assurances*

As against this great force there is, as the people  
of the Slav regions and many in Teuton territory  
see it, nothing but a sanhedrim of dawdling dialecti-  
cians at Paris, and those sophists representative  
of the capitalistic, bourgeois, militaristic society  
that brought on the war. Those peoples doubtless  
see it all wrong, but the way to convince them they

are wrong is to lay before them the terms upon  
which the war is to be settled and show them that  
those terms do not mean the reestablishment of  
governments in antipathy to the proposals for a  
new society to be shaped by the masses according  
to their own will. Bolshevism, or the revolution,  
can only be checked by a proof that peace will mean  
something other than an alliance to maintain the  
old social order with all its wrongs intact. Bolshev-  
ism is not all secretly-nurtured pro-Germanism. It  
is, with whatever of vagary, the voice of the peo-  
ple in warning to the peace palaverers at Paris  
to lay their cards on the table. And the confer-  
ees, if they are dicker over the fixing of their  
own fences and the furtherance of imperial de-  
signs, must drop those manoeuvrings and give the  
people assurances definite that the earth is not to  
be parceled out to the great financial interests that  
have been dominant in government in the past.  
The draft of the League of Nations the people  
have seen. They want to know what kind of a  
status that League of Nations is to be pledged to  
maintain. It is no answer to that inquiry to say  
that Germany and Austria are fishing in troubled  
waters. The revolution is popular and not gov-  
ernmental. It is the people who must be satisfied,  
and not alone the people of Germandom or Slav-  
dom, but the people of all the nations including  
our own. So the word to the wise men at Paris  
is, "Hurry up the peace terms."



#### *Senatorial Bolsheviks*

It cannot be said truthfully that the opponents  
of President Wilson in this country are helping  
towards the assurances that will assuage the rev-  
olution. Neither those who say the League of Na-  
tions "goes too far," nor those who say it "does  
not go far enough." Holding up the covenant of  
the nations does not speed up the formulation of  
the peace terms to the defeated. Senator Reed of  
Missouri, with Borah and Poindexter and our old  
chum, Frank Putnam, are not helping peace but  
revolution. They give Bolshevism the argument  
that the United States is essentially imperialistic,  
that the League of Nations is a British scheme  
for maintaining the integrity of British world-  
supremacy. Mr. Putnam does it knowingly, frank-  
ly. The others do it for reasons best known to  
themselves. They are all disintegralists not alone  
of victory but of peace. They argue in effect for  
competition in armament, for compulsory military  
service, for a splendid isolation that shall flower  
into protective tariffs and trade wars that shall  
breed wars of fire and sword, poison gas on land  
and sea, and in the viewless air. To a world  
wanting an end of mass murder by governments  
they offer more of the same. They flout the hope  
of the labor of the world and their words set the  
hands of Bolsheviks the world over to weapons  
with which to destroy the social system that bred  
the world-conflict and must breed still others. Those  
who say we shall enter no league of nations say  
that we must adhere to nature, red in tooth and  
claw. We shall be ready and anxious for war with  
any government and especially with the forces of  
Bolshevism.



#### *Water on Lenin's Wheel*

Now Bolshevism is, in my opinion, to a large  
extent, a delusion, and a dangerous one, but it is  
not wholly so. I am neither socialist, syndical-  
ist nor anarchist, but the revolution, world-wide,  
active or latent, is not all socialism, nor syndical-  
ism, nor anarchism. The revolution is largely the  
distrust of the common man for government as he  
has seen it work out in the past. It is doubt of  
the peace conference on the very ground that is  
exemplified in the attitude of Borah, Poindexter  
and Reed. It is doubt of the democracy of the  
United States and its honest purpose to bring about  
a peace of peoples. Every word uttered by Borah,  
Poindexter and Reed is at once water on Lenin's  
and Trotzky's wheel, and, mixing the metaphor  
hopelessly, fuel for the world-wide flame the rev-  
olution has kindled.

These men are helping Ger-  
many in so far as the revolution may serve to  
make the Allies more considerate of Germany in  
the face of the new menace. They are dividing the  
Allies and driving Germanism and Bolshevism into  
closer association and a certain identity of purpose.  
They are setting up, in so far as their words have  
weight, a league against the League of Nations.  
They oppose all those things in Bolshevism which  
are good. They do not believe in the evolution of  
a better, a more fundamental rule of the people  
than has been devised thus far. They favor the old  
balance of power in Europe and eventually a trial  
at arms between this country and those countries.  
They want the old game of diplomacy and arma-  
ment to continue, with the people the pawns and  
profits the stakes. At best they say "Let Europe  
stew in her own juice; we can keep out of it."  
The war has proved we cannot keep out of such  
a stew. We tried and failed. The red maelstrom  
sucked us in. Those senators would hold us in an  
aloofness bound to culminate in enmity not only  
with governments but with peoples. They are the  
best friends alike of the profiteers and the com-  
munists. They say "Give Germany her terms and  
let us quit." This means that we shall have fought  
the war to bring on another war, for our repudia-  
tion of the effort to form a League of Nations will  
mean reversion to the old imperial scramble for  
territory and power, and this will condemn the  
people to more wars of governments, rather than  
which the people will turn to revolution that will  
sweep civilization itself to the scrap-heap. We  
shall have a revolution of mad idealists backed by  
German efficiency, and eventually an assault of all  
Europe upon the democracy that went into a war  
for principle not gain, but came out of it disclosing  
its purpose to exploit the world. We shall be the  
enemies of the human race if Borah, Poindexter  
and Reed should have their willful way.



#### *The Prophets of Disaster*

The peace covenant is not perfect. Discussion of  
it is to be encouraged. Especially discussion by  
Borah, Poindexter and Reed. Discussion is democ-  
racy. Nobody is as wise as everybody. Everybody  
wants an end of war. And those who say, like  
"Histor," elsewhere in this paper, that to attempt  
a league of nations to maintain peace is to imagine  
a vain thing, are those who hold that to be im-  
possible which was never done before, forgetting  
that their argument is smashed by the steam engine  
and the steamboat and the telegraph and the tele-  
phone and wireless, and the existence of this United  
States. Those mockers of the poet's dream have  
had illustrious predecessors in those who burned  
Bruno and imprisoned Galileo. There were those  
who thought society would fall apart if the duel  
were abolished. Everything good we have in this  
world of human contrivance we have because of  
the efforts of men who swinked for the future while  
others stood around saying sagely, "It can't be done;  
it's agin' human nature." We may leave these  
prophets of failure to their place in history with  
those who said airships could never be. Let them  
assert as they will that the best aspirations of the  
human heart were put therein to be everlastingly de-  
feated. Let them say if they will that though peace  
is desirable it is so impossible as not to be worth  
trying for and especially that it is not worth trying  
for by any self-denying ordinance of man's reason  
as against his passions. The world will continue  
to try for peace. Having found that war is not  
the way thereto, the world will try the method of  
agreement, the substitution of reason for force.  
It will try to meet even Bolshevism with reason  
before trying force, for there is, with much pas-  
sion, a deal of reason in Bolshevism, else we had  
never had even such democracy as we now have,  
and democracy an hundred years since was regarded  
much as Bolshevism is now.



#### *League or Treaty First*

How shall we meet the ominous situation of the  
spread of Bolshevism as manifested by the out-



break in Hungary? Manifestly not alone by sending allied forces against the Bolsheviks. Surely we don't want our forces so used. We were born as a nation in revolution and we do not favor crushing revolutions, knowing that they are never causeless. Nor will British people and soldiers fight people aspiring to set up their own government. And French troops mutinied in Russia the other day against their use in a like enterprise. The people of the allied nations, generally speaking, are not in favor of warring on people who want to govern themselves in their own way. They went into the great war to prevent government of the world in an autocracy's way. They smashed the autocracy. They look now to the peace conference to give play to self-determination and self-government everywhere. They do not look to the conference to suppress popular revolutions. If the conference goes in for that there will only be more revolution and that too in the nations party to the conference. The conference must subordinate governments to peoples. The war has been fought for that revolution. The conference must be that revolution or it will be a ghastly failure.

♦♦

#### *Binding the Allies*

The peace terms, plain and clear, will show whether peoples or governments have been the ruling consideration in the conference. The peace terms will militate against peace if they are such as set up new boundaries aggrandizing victor states, if they deny the promise that there would be no peace annexations. The terms will be defeative of the world's fondest hopes if they uphold those secret treaties of the Allies, such facts accomplished as Italy's aggressions upon the Jugo-Slavs. The question is with some whether the League shall depend on the treaty or the treaty upon the League. I should say that the League should come first. It has in fact. There is an article in the covenant that says that the signatories to the League shall abrogate "all obligations *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms" of the covenant. Thus in article XXV. I should say it applies definitely to those secret treaties between Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia, dividing up Asia Minor between them, discovered in the Smolny Institute after the downfall of the Romanoffs. In this matter I should say it is well that the League should precede the treaty. Indeed, I should say that to be the case as a whole. The League first, for then we have the signatories bound in a way that will hold them to arbitration and adjudication in case of any dissatisfaction with the terms as delivered to Germany and the adjustments of territory framed for the new Europe.

♦♦

#### *The Status to be Maintained*

There is much discussion of the first sentence in article X, thus: "The high contracting parties undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and the political independence of all states members of the League." It is held by some that this pledges the signatories to a *status quo*, in advance of consultation and regardless of results. That all depends. If the territorial integrity in question conforms to the principle of self-determination there can be no question of respecting it. If the territory be not such taken by annexation or as punitive indemnity, there will be no questioning it. And if the peace treaty accords with article XXV, to which I have referred, no cession nor seizure of territory under the terms of the secret treaties of the Allies inconsistent with the covenant can be made a fact accomplished by the Allies. It seems to me that the dubiety of that sentence in article X is quieted by article XXV as a whole, which I quote here: "The high contracting parties severally agree that the present covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof and solemnly engage that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof. In case any of the powers signatory

hereto or subsequently admitted to the League shall, before becoming a party to this covenant, have undertaken any obligations which are inconsistent with the terms of this covenant, it shall be the duty of such power to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligations." The peace treaty coming, therefore, after the League will be judged by its conformity with the League covenant, as with us a statute is interpreted by its conformity with or departure from the constitution. The peace treaty must conform with the covenant, and the covenant stands opposed to imperial seizures, or appropriated territory or facts accomplished.

♦♦

#### *To Keep Our Word*

Whether the treaty be a part of the covenant in one document is not material. The terms are to the enemy powers. The covenant will be submitted to them that they may know on what terms they may enter the League. They may reject the covenant. They cannot reject the treaty save by inviting war. It is said that the covenant and the peace terms will be fused in one document and submitted to our Senate. The Senate may, if it will, approve the treaty and reject the covenant. But it will be folly to do that if the treaty and the covenant are in conformity. If both the treaty and the covenant are approved by public opinion both will be approved, possibly with slight amendments. It is said that the Senate may reject the covenant and that Congress will then simply declare that the war with the enemy powers is at an end. It will be necessary to win the House to this point of view and that is humanly improbable, if not impossible. The opposition to our entry into any league of nations is dwindling. The Republicans now argue only for clarification and amendment and there are no Democrats of note to support Reed of Missouri. The League and the treaty must be approved together. If the treaty alone be approved and the League left in the air our declared purposes in going into the war will be abandoned. We shall break our word to Germany, to our associates in the war and to the world. This country will not do that.

♦♦

#### *The Monroe Doctrine*

Those amendments proposed for the League which refer to the Monroe Doctrine will be harmless if adopted. The covenant commits the League as a whole to oppose such aggression as our Monroe Doctrine declares against, not only on this hemisphere but everywhere in the world. We say that we oppose European aggression against this continent, but the Doctrine does not give us suzerainty over the Latin American countries. Those countries object to such a claim on our part and if we should assert it they could appeal to the League as against us. That would not be in violation of the Doctrine, since suzerainty is no part of the Doctrine. What the League does is stand against any aggression anywhere—British, French, Italian. For if the European nations were to stand firmly on all their claims there would be universal war. The League applies our Monroe Doctrine against aggression to all the world. It declares against "spheres of influence" and all territorial exploitation. If our Monroe Doctrine means an imperialist sphere of influence or our monopolization of this hemisphere then the League is against it. But the Doctrine means no such thing. We need not fear for the Doctrine.

♦♦

#### *Surrender of Sovereignty*

So far as concerns our surrender of sovereignty. I doubt if we surrender enough. Such surrender is not a new thing. To an extent it is surrendered in every treaty. It is surrendered in those thirty treaties negotiated by Mr. Bryan when he was secretary of state. But in point of fact this country is still sovereign under the League. Congress can withdraw us from the League when it will. Congress alone can commit us to war. Congress alone can say whether we shall accept this or that mandatory. Congress alone can determine the size of our armament. The decision of the Body of Delegates of

the League or of the Executive Council is not binding upon the congress representing the American people. The League tries not for an abandonment of sovereignties but for an adjustment of sovereignties for a common good. Its means to that end are by discussion, conciliation, conference; chiefly, its means are publicity as to such issues between nations as shall arise. The body of delegates first and then the executive council substitutes public debate for secret diplomacy. They are a court in fact to give effect to world opinion. And all the machinery of the League is designed to delay resort to passion so that reason may rule in the settlement of disputes. As concerns this machinery I should say that a valuable amendatory suggestion is that of ex-Governor Herbert S. Hadley to the effect that provision should be made for a system of trying issues of fact and of law that would be as effective in international jurisprudence as those established in national jurisprudence. "We should have," says Gov. Hadley, "a court composed of the very best and ablest men who can be secured, instead of a possible tribunal composed of some sixty or seventy men with no training or traditions calculated to make their decisions just and fair." Doubtless the intent of the framers of the covenant is that such a body of jurists shall be chosen, but the instrument does not specifically provide for it.

♦♦

#### *An International Parliament*

Personally I believe that the prevention of war would be more certain if the body of delegates of the League were to be an international parliament with plenary powers to pass upon the suggestions of the executive council. The more wholly we can leave peace or war to the people the more likely it is that the choice will be peace. Parliaments of one people often go war mad. It is not likely that a parliament of many peoples would ever do so. It has been suggested that such a parliament be made up by each nation electing one delegate for each million inhabitants. This would be thought to set up a super-state and I doubt if the world is yet ready for that much surrender of sovereignty by national states. This is perhaps desirable, just as it is desirable that the League should decree universal disarmament at once, but both are counsels of that perfection which is not yet possible. It seems to me that disarmament under the League will be conditioned by German disarmament under the treaty. If Germany be permitted only a small volunteer peace-preserving force, the need for large armies by other nations will disappear to the extent that only German militarism has promoted armament by other nations.

♦♦

#### *The Chief Flaw*

I do not think permanent peace is possible without free trade, but the nations are not ready for that either. Nor are the people. They still dread the possibility of the enemy sending goods into their country that will mean the job of making goods at home will be abolished. Free trade means to most workers that some foreigner will make things which otherwise the home worker would be paid for making. We must wait for education to dissipate this superstition. We must wait, too, until the peoples can see that there cannot be free trade until there is free opportunity to work in all lands. The League of Nations is weakest in that it strikes not at all at fundamental privilege, the cause of exploitation, the source of all monopoly, the buttress of every special interest—monopoly in land. Back of all war is junkerism and back of junkerism in all lands is the class privileged to control the natural resources of the earth. Insistence upon a free earth and the fulness thereof for all who are willing to labor would not have much weight with the peace conference. We must take what we can get in this respect, much as I might wish that all the cost of war could be levied upon the earth-monopolizers in Germany and in other lands as a sure-shot abolition of the element that is most powerful among war-makers. The surest guarantee of peace would be



free land, for if the people could get land they would not need bread and they would be masters of their own freedom, and there would be no excuse for Bolshevism, whose battle cry is land and bread and liberty.

♦♦

#### *Let in the Light*

That the League of Nations pact should be approved exactly as it stands I would not maintain. Any human document is improvable. But in its main features it is a great step towards peace and a better understanding between peoples. It is, so far as it goes, a drawing together of peoples as distinct from governments, for the decisions of the delegates and the council are subjected to publicity. Public opinion is not the least part of the machinery for peace preservation. This much admitted, we come then to where we began, the consideration of the way to put an end to ravaging revolution. The revolution flourishes somewhat because of doubt as to the sincerity of the league and its signatories. While the covenant is being denounced as devious intrigue its sincerity must be doubted. Therefore, the doubt should be dispelled by finishing up the covenant and getting it adopted by all the nations. The Paris conference must bring the league debate to a close. Next the peace terms to Germany must be formulated finally. Then the world will know whether the Allies have held to the "fourteen points" to which Germany, still in arms, yielded assent. With covenant and treaty before it, the world will know whether the Allies have framed a league which all nations may join, or devised an alliance dominated by British intrigue, various European imperialisms and an international plutocracy. You can't fool all the people. They will know whether the League is an honest effort for popular sovereignties and self-determined loyalties, or what the Bolsheviks and Senators Borah, Poindexter and Reed say it is—an alliance for world-control by a few powers, chief among which is Great Britain. The answer to Bolshevism must be the documents in the case. The answer to those who say our joining the League makes us the tool of Great Britain is the documents in the case. The covenant and the treaty together will show the world whether the United States should abandon Europe to her fate as a nest of intrigue and a breeding-spot of war or should try to agree with Europe to render war improbable if not impossible. For if the United States pulls out of the pact that will mean that Europe must prepare to fight the United States and the United States must get on a war basis and stay there. The peace terms will show whether Germany is not so much to be checked as the other nations are to be confirmed in aggrandizement of territory and trade control. The longer the Paris conference sits the more suspicion will be engendered, and popular discontent will grow. The more debate is protracted the more will distress pervade the peoples. The discontent can be allayed by a submission to the world of the covenant and the peace terms together. Until the discontent shall be allayed there will be no relieving of the distress and this means the spread of revolution and, in fine, of anarchy.

♦♦

#### *The Fourteen Points*

The peace terms to Germany should, if they conform to the fourteen points of President Wilson, strengthen the covenant with the people as evidence of sincere desire and effort to minimize the probabilities and possibilities of war. The two documents will prove whether the conference has kept faith with the peoples. Until they are finally presented there will be no end to the distrust of the peoples. The covenant the world knows in its main features. The peace terms will be the test of the honesty of the covenant. They will especially, if they are consistent with this country's professions upon entering the war, solidify the people of the United States for the adoption of the covenant. The peace terms are what we want to know, for then we shall see whether they give the lie to Lenine and Trotzky,

Borah, Poindexter and Reed, whether there is nothing for us but more armament, more conscription, more revolution, with the United States the stronghold of imperialism and militarism, an armed camp ready to try issues with the world for naval, military, territorial, commercial supremacy. Shall this democracy be the last state-god appeasable only by human sacrifice and offended only by peace by voluntary agreement? Shall we force Europe to continue to arm and plot and fight by refusing to pact with her? Shall we sacrifice the peoples to governments by washing our hands of peace by covenant among nations? Shall we at once invite revolution and leave its suppression to ruthless European imperialisms and junkerisms? Let us see what it is that our Borahs, Poindexters and Reeds would have us keep clear of.

♦♦

#### *An Honest Peace*

It is time to make an end of dilatory debate on peace. It is time we knew what we are to expect as a means of stabilizing governments and giving effect to the popular will in all governments. I believe the best sense of the world accepts the League of Nations, desiring to get it started and then to continue and improve it in its constitution and machinery. The interest then moves to the terms of peace for Germany as the touchstone of the new internationalism's integrity. Let us see how the latter justifies the professed purpose of the former. That will show how the league idea will work. It will put the soft pedal on ancestral voices prophesying war and dampen the excesses of revolution. For if the peace terms to Germany are fair, all things considered, the peoples now ready to fly to revolt against domination will have faith that they may govern themselves as they see fit. A Germany fairly dealt with, according to promise, will be a dam against the flood of revolutionary bloodshed. A United States standing for an honest international effort for permanent peace will disarm Bolshevism of its chief power of propaganda.

♦♦

#### *Let the People Know*

Finish the covenant and the peace terms and put them forth. The world is a vast Missouri. It wants to be shown. Let the peoples see the whole plan of the conference. They will decide what the nations shall do. In the light of the facts the people will act so as to get at the pragmatic adjustment between autocracy insolent, and proletarianism gone mad. The people know what they want—peace, land, liberty, bread. They will know whether covenant and treaty will put them in the way of getting all four, not all at once, but sooner than they can be had by national rivalries, by sabotage and massacre. Hurry up the peace terms!

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*To Democratize Democracy*

**H**UMILIATION is the least one can feel contemplating the members of the National American Woman Suffrage Association in jubilee convention here this week. It is a disgrace to the allegedly intelligent United States that such women should still be pleading their right and privilege of the ballot in perhaps the greater part of this land devoted to democracy. The democracy that makes sex a bar to participation in government denies itself. The most progressive country of the world lags behind the nations of Europe in recognition of the woman as a citizen. The insistence upon the exclusion of women from the ballot is based upon a "chivalry" that glamours the concept of woman as a sex-chattel and for a long time the insistence was chiefly backed by the beneficiaries of the corrupting saloon. Even to-day there are enough men opposed to suffrage in the United States Senate to defeat the amendment to the constitution providing for nation-wide suffrage.

That group is outranked in brain, in dignity, in character, by twenty times its number of persons in the jubilee convention. That Senate group is of the troglodyte period not alone on woman suffrage but upon all other great living issues. It is not the intelligence, nor the morality of this country that opposes suffrage for women. The ignorance, the viciousness, the undemocratic reactionism of the country and the desire to maintain certain racial and class superiorities are the factors that have postponed the granting of votes to women. It is humiliating for a democratic American to think that such a gathering as the National Woman Suffrage Association should still be petitioning for recognition as political human beings when suffrage has been granted the women of Great Britain, Germany, Russia and other European countries. Within the next year let us hope that in respect of the political emancipation of women the United States will break out of the dark ages. The women have nobly helped to save democracy. In the name of decency, justice, let them share fully in all its benefits and in the duty of shaping it to finer and higher purposes. Let us have their aid in making our democracy more thoroughly democratic.

♦♦

#### *Burlesonism*

POSTMASTER GENERAL BURLESON has lynched the Postal Telegraph company. But that's a mere trifle to him. He has lynched the freedom of the press and he tried to lynch union labor in that department of the government over which he has control. Burleson is the biggest blight upon the Democratic party in that he has done more than any other one man to make the administration undemocratic. And this he has done at the expense, rather than the increase, of efficiency in the public service.

♦♦

#### *The President Takes Notice*

PROBABLY there will be an extra session of congress in May. The adjournment of the last session left the government disorganized for lack of funds and crippled in every task of readjustment of conditions consequent upon the war. The Republican Senate was to blame, but not wholly, for the President did much to exacerbate that body by indicating something like contempt for it. After all the Senate is one half of a co-ordinate branch of the government and the executive branch owes it some consideration. We have not come as yet to believing that even the best of presidents can do no wrong. The President has been right in a wrong way. He has forgot that senators are human beings, and as such, to be dealt with in a spirit of accommodation. The lapse has come near to wrecking his crowning work of national and even of world statesmanship. Almost he forgot that he had a duty to save this country from the results of war in his intense desire to save the world. The offended Senate has called his attention to this duty. The country, believing the President right in purpose, has plainly indicated its belief that he is wrong in method, which is that of the dictator. Now it seems that the President sees he cannot leave this country at loose-ends while he unsnarls Europe, and that the country will not submit to a practical suspension of government until he is ready to resume it as largely his private and personal function.

♦♦

#### *A Proper View of Mr. Baker*

SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER is being assailed for too much leniency towards conscientious objectors to war. I don't see that any government has any authority to make any man do what that man deems a wrong. Recognizing the sacred rights of conscience is good law and good morals. Secretary Baker is also assailed for supporting atrocious severities in the sentences imposed in courts martial. The two charges do not consist well with each other. Such leniency does not go with such severity. Secretary Baker is probably gloriously guilty of the first. As for the second, the severe punishments



were probably due to the inexperience of new officers or their fear to exercise discretion under the military system. The Secretary, like his subordinates, were thrown into a war swift and sharp and with a system the defects of which had but begun to appear in practice when the war came to an end. Considering the size of the war and his newness to the job, Secretary Baker made no bad fist of it.

♦♦

#### Free Car Rides

FREE car rides on the trolley system in the manufacturing city of Lynn, Massachusetts, under a plan of municipal operation, are proposed in a bill before the Massachusetts legislature, according to a dispatch in the *Christian Science Monitor*, which knows real news when it sees or hears it. The item goes on to say that the plan, which provides for paying for the trolley lines out of general taxation, is enthusiastically supported by Peter Witt, street railway expert, of Cleveland, Ohio, trained up in politics and administration by the late Tom Johnson, as what he regards as the only clear solution of the complicated trolley situation. Ralph S. Bauer, author of the bill, states that he will resort to the Initiative and Referendum Act of 1918 in the event the legislature fails to enact his bill. The Mayor of Lynn, Walter H. Creamer, spoke in favor of the Bauer plan. The plan is logically sound. Why not run street cars in a city as elevators are run in skyscrapers? Street car service increases land values. Why not let the cost of street car service be paid by taxation of such values? It would only be taking the cost of the service out of rent as the cost of elevator service is taken in the skyscraper, where the elevator equalizes, in a measure, the site value of all the offices in the building. The increase in land values would be taken under the Lynn proposal for the benefit of the whole community and applied to the perfection of a great public convenience. How different the mind of Lynn, Massachusetts, from the mind of St. Louis, Missouri, on street car service. Here we have a mayor who gives the city to the railway company, careless of what the corporation makes the people pay in fares. There the mayor wants to give to the city not only service but the land value increment of service. Here the corporation owns the town. There the town would own the service and use the service to collect from its land-holding beneficiaries their profits in land value from the service. As all street car riders help to make that increase of land value, they would have share in it through exemption from payment of fares.

♦♦

#### Splendid Unpreparedness

THE WAR LABOR BOARD has gone to pieces, with joint chairmen William H. Taft and Frank P. Walsh resigned. Their successor, Basil M. Manly, is also about to resign. The employer members are in the saddle and running things. "Charges are made quite freely," says the *Public*, "that two of the labor members have sold out," but that paper adds "this is extremely unlikely." There are five labor members, but they do not work together. The employer members do work together and they work against any decisions that tend to strengthen the principle of collective bargaining. The workers have little chance before the board. They got a square deal while the war was on. If they couldn't be slackers, neither could the employers. Both sides were afraid of public opinion and public opinion backed up the board's awards in favor of the workers. The reason the board's action has become consistently favorable to employers is that public opinion is not concerned with its proceedings. Besides, the board's decisions have no binding force since the declaration of the armistice. If the board decides for workers the employers make faces at it, and of course the workers do no better when decisions are rendered against them. Organized Labor has not more regard for the board than have the bosses. There is an all 'round loss not alone of confidence in but of respect for the board.

The board will soon be abolished, if this continues, for there seems to be no inclination to give it teeth. Union labor doesn't care. It is strong enough now not to care what any old board may rule. Employers are not afraid to shut down rather than comply with awards of increased wages, but worse than that, the employers have "got" the board. So this institution crumbles first at the time when there will probably be most need of it, when wage troubles multiply because of post-war industrial readjustments. Here's another case of egregious unpreparedness for peace conditions. A Labor Board of strong men, with power to enforce its orders, would be a great social and economic help in mollifying discontent and softening suffering, but the one we have is worse than useless. It multiplies rather than minimizes trouble. If it can't be mended, it might as well be ended.

♦♦

#### Let Russians Alone

THE last of the soldier and sailor casualties in the war in France have been reported. Glory be! But there are casualties to come from Russia, and our soldiers ought not to be fighting the Russians. We have never declared war on Russia. Our troops should be withdrawn from Russia. We have no quarrel with Russians who are fighting for the kind of a Russian government they want. We are not a people who want to give Russians the kind of government they don't want. Our boys should be withdrawn from Russia exactly as they were withdrawn from Mexico and for the same excellent reason—that it is not our duty or our mission to democratize other people with shot and shell.

♦♦

#### Amnesty

A WAY to stop manufacturing Bolsheviks in this country is to grant amnesty to all offenders by speech against the espionage acts. Let even the errant among us have that freedom for which we fought in the great war. Let us cease warring upon opinion among ourselves by means of jail and penitentiary sentences. Most of our political prisoners are for the peace, and the war that they opposed is passed. Set them free and if they speak more error let truth be free to controvert it.

♦♦

#### Missouri's Tax Muddle

BEYOND question the dying swan report of the Missouri Tax Commission will be rejected, but there is no getting away from its sockdolager annihilation of the system of catch-as-catch can assessments of property in the various political subdivisions of the commonwealth. The law says property shall be assessed at its cash value. It is assessed at much less than that value in many counties. The assessors want to curry favor with the taxpayers. Where property is now honestly assessed the people have to pay the taxes for people in those counties where the assessment is less honest. The Tax Commission shows that an honest assessment as required by law would add two billion dollars to the valuations of the State Board of Equalization. This means all taxation and, of course, personal property and improvements, money in bank and such things should not be taxed at all, but the value of the tax commissioners' report is that it will show to those who may study it that the whole tax system of the state is unfair, that it is the plaything of politicians, that it is conducted in ways to show favoritism to some persons, classes and communities while unjustly penalizing others. The general property tax is both a nuisance and an iniquity. The State Board of Equalization will pay no attention to the tax commissioners' tremendous raise in assessments for the board is composed of politicians seeking future honors. Equalization as between counties and as to big interests is a way of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. But the system of assessment and equalization has broken down. The collapse means the devising of new taxes and special taxes on production, greater burdens upon business. This will discourage business. Already the state has found itself practically bankrupt. It will

so find itself again soon and often. The tax system must be reformed and the way to reform it is not to tax everything but only those things the value of which on the creation not of the possessor but of the public. The old plan if pursued much further will drive out of the state every taxable thing that can be moved, every producible thing. The old system penalizes production and favors privilege. The tax commission's report does not make the distinction, but an examination of the figures will disclose it.

♦♦♦♦

## Enlightenment—What?

By Louis Albert Lamb

HENRY BARBUSSE has written the more terrible epilogue of his "Under Fire." It seemed impossible that the French language could support a more hideous picture than the Barbusse synthesis of the Squad—after *Volpate* and his comrades in their muddy, gory *gourbi*—after the foray for matches—after the finding of *Eudoxie's* cadaver in the sap—it was fair to assume that the end of literary horror had been reached. "Clarté" (Paris, Ernest Fammarrion, 1919) dispels this illusion.

It is a book without the properties of murder, without the *panache* of war, without the blood-red *impasto* of contemporaneous "best sellers." It is by far a more dreadful book than "Le Feu" and a more trenchant scalpel than "L'Enfer." It is the book of a man who has spent months *vis-a-vis* with Death in all its permutations. It is the ante-mortem confession of a soul that has seen the blinding Truth in a burst of glory. Whence the title, "Clarté"—the light of perspicuity which reveals interiors, as Roentgen's rays delineate the *ossements*, and shows the fallacy of "*Post hoc ergo propter hoc*."

Every author writes one book; every painter paints one picture, and the subject,—hero, villain and *leit motif* of every artist's multiple masterpiece is—Himself. Barbusse's "Under Fire," "Hell," and "Enlightenment" are one book. If he had been born Victor Hugo of the '30s it would have been "Les Misérables" in three volumes, with "L'Enfer" in the lead. If Barbusse had been born Tchaikowsky his three books would have been a terrible fusing of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, to form an insufferable sword-thrust of human grief.

"Clarté" is a papiermache model stage with a few puppets jumping on wires occasionally, merely to punctuate the macabre soliloquy of the dramatist. In that it is much like "L'Enfer," where the monotony of the film is broken by the comic craning of the Lodger's neck to peep through the hole in the wall. Or like "Le Feu," where the same horror headlines one after another of the *poilu* actors until, as a fitting denouement, the master-brain of the Squad stops throbbing and mingles with the universal blood-slime of the shambles.

If you govern your reading by the counsel of the "Index Expurgatorius" it were well that you made haste. Trust the censorship of societary morals to take pot-shot at "Clarté." The French military censorship permitted the book to go through in September, 1918, with only ten lines elided. They must have been indeed awful lines to be more dangerous than what was spared. It is an apostrophe to the annihilation of everything mundane except the individual human being. God first; belief in the supernatural; faith in mysteries; obedience; resignation, humility, meekness, annihilation of nationality, of deference to flags and traditions; abolition of every manner of transmission except the traits of the parent in the child; abolition of every legal or other device or convention by which men project their authority, financial power, influence, will and control beyond the limits of their individual lives; destruction of every species of hereditary privilege and right from kingship and pontificate down to



the humblest rank; in short, the absolute emancipation of mankind from, all and singular, the devices which, developing through the ages to meet temporary needs, have been petrified into an adamantine labyrinth from which the man-as-he-is, the "Little Man," cannot escape. In a word, Equality—the absolute external equality of every human being—is the programme of the Universal Republic whose inevitable coming Barbusse proclaims. Equality is his conception and embodiment of Truth, so far as Truth is attainable among men.

And when that time comes, he predicts that War will cease, for the logical reason that no man will have the right to command another man; and no man will kill a fellow-man on the say-so of a "superior officer," or on the explanation that "it is necessary" to kill or be killed, and for the supreme reason that war is possible only in a state where there are masters and slaves—where the right of the individual to be the sole arbiter of his own happiness has been violated.

Byron's dream of the end of the world is nothing to Barbusse's picture of the next war, unless the Universal Republic averts war for the remainder of cosmic time. He depicts a war of wireless waves destroying men at long range with no possible shield or defense; a war of Teutonic super-science, raised to the millionth exponent of internecine horror. And no surcease except one—the end of war because of the depopulation of the earth!

Barbusse appears, therefore, as a hybrid of Bolshevism and Wilsonian League-of-Nations-ism; but he might have made his "Clarté" more convincing if he had read several volumes of Emile Faguet's output before writing it.

He soft-pedals the annoying fact that Equality is the very antonym of Liberty. He soft-pedals the fact that Liberty is unthinkable, not to be entertained, even as a hazy concept, except in association with the correlative of the "pair of opposites"—Restraint. It is easy enough to legislate the abolition of public worship, but when you do that you rescind the "Rights of Man" of 1789, of 1792, of 1776, and all the rest that vouchsafe the right of peaceable assembly and assert the sanctities of thought, speech and communication. And here is the crowning difficulty: How are you to make forty million real Christians happy if, giving them peace, equality, freedom of migration and a square-deal, you tell them in the language of Nietzsche that "God is dead" and they will be dead, too, in a right smart hurry if they have the nerve to deny it!

♦♦♦♦

## The League of Nations

By Histor

"POETS," says a familiar quotation, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." It is instructive, therefore, to recall the fact that it was a poet, Alfred Tennyson—who is now, I understand, no longer held in high esteem by critics of poetry—who bit deepest into the consciousness of the English-speaking races and through them influenced the rest of the world most urgently toward an idea which he did not originate, but did phrase in "winged words" that gave it universal currency. I refer to that truly memorable line in "Locksley Hall":

*"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."*

"Locksley Hall" dates back to early Victorian times—an epoch not nowadays regarded with the veneration once accorded it. Nor has Tennyson, in recent decades, been ranked among those rhymesters whose works are of political as well as poetical significance. Nevertheless, in the line quoted above, he gave the English-speaking peoples a phrase which

crystallized unforgettably a haze of nebulous ideas that had been, so to speak, "in the air." They had been handled by others, men of much greater political and social force than Tennyson was supposed to possess, yet none of these men had been able to give them that potency to affect the general mind that lay in the poet's magic words.

From the moment these words, this phrase, found its way to the public, it became a shibboleth and has since so remained. It served, not as a point of departure, but as a rallying point, for all the transcendentalists, altruists, utopists, dreamers and doctrinaires who based their ideas, real or so-called, upon the political perfectibility of the future. Increased vogue attended their speculations because of the fact that coincident—or nearly coincident—with the publication of Tennyson's verses the gospel of evolution began to spread throughout the world. The two ideas literally flew together and became, as it were, indissolubly connected, seeming to cohabit by capillary attraction. This condition was accentuated by the belief that evolution and the co-ordinated Darwinian doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" necessarily implied a constant progress toward better and higher forms. It was, therefore, a naive and singular alliance between poetry and science which was presented by the spectacle, or "movement," alluded to.

Gradually, as evolution became an accepted commonplace and then, as was inevitable, the subject of rigorous investigation by an uncompromising and realistic inquisition, it dawned upon many absorbed investigators to whom the truth was more precious than a dream, that it did not necessarily mean a constant progress toward something better and higher; but, on the other hand, might very well mean—in fact, often did, in the operations of natural laws and forces—a devolution rather, a retrogression. The original spontaneous idea—which, after all, did honor to human nature—that the "survival of the fittest" meant the survival of the best, was shown to be clearly a gratuitous assumption. The error lay in the reading of a moral implication into what was not a moral but a physical (or, if that term be preferable, a natural) law.

All this, however, has not seriously disturbed the propagandists of "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." They have remained spell-bound by their shibboleth, dazzled by the rainbow gleam of their—shall we say youthful, or sophomoric?—dream; and, with the magic motto inscribed upon their banners and their vision fastened upon the glorious pageant in the skies, they march, or straggle, on as unmindful as ever of the prosaic, when not doubtful or sinister, facts and conditions of this terrestrial globe that we inhabit.

Disbelievers in beautiful dreams are seldom applauded in select circles. For that reason those not now feverishly anxious for the embarkation of the United States, at the spur of the moment, upon an international adventure whose outcome, except as interpreted by a dream-book, it is impossible to predict, are being denounced as reactionaries, Tories, Bourbons, shacklers of the wheels of progress and even as enemies and betrayers of the human race. However, these objurgations have so often in the past been hurled at similar disbelievers in similar circumstances that their employment in this instance need cause neither surprise nor humiliation. Those who wish to "see things steadily and see them whole" will never receive the endorsement of visionaries whose gaze is fixed upon one thing to the exclusion of all others. The lover, as we all know, sees only his mistress, beholding her as an angelic figure from some celestial realm—though in coming years he may often wonder what on earth he saw in her that induced the commission of matrimony? And, also, as we know, many of those marriages suppositively made in heaven are dissolved, with much unpleasant publicity of detail, in the divorce courts.

Those who wish to take cognizance before taking action—and the wisdom of the world has, on the

whole, approved this course as safest in mundane affairs—are asking why they must be preached or dragonnaded into instant endorsement of the League of Nations? Why it is right and proper that they should be coerced into consenting to something that, it is asserted, is to free the world from coercion? Coercion is the tyranny of the strong over the weak—or, rather, of the stronger over the less strong. At present the forces working for the precipitate endorsement of the League of Nations by the United States, in response to an imperative command from a few "men higher up," are very strong, both actually and potentially. Possibly they are sufficiently stronger than those who question the wisdom of such action that their power of coercion will effect their purpose. But action due to coercion reposes upon an unsafe foundation. Politically, as those familiar with the events of history are aware, it is always, or almost always, reversed in the long run. The only thing which prevents such reaction, enduringly or effectively, is permanent armed force. And—remember always—the League of Nations is supposed to be a movement for the elimination of such tyrannies from the earth.

Let us recur to the quotation from Tennyson chosen as the text for these observations. This mystically grandiose sentiment, so soundly, so reverberantly voiced, this annunciation which so potently appealed to the imagination and the emotions, "*The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World*," was, like the League of Nations, the product of a mood transiently exalted. In cold fact, Alfred Tennyson was in every-day life an inveterate jingo and his jingoistic poems (some of which are judiciously excluded from the "standard" editions of his works) reveal the real man, as he politically existed, far more truly than does his transcendental outburst, so much more famous and familiar.

The constitution of the League of Nations, it appears, like the genius of Tennyson, is of British origin, and the analogies between the two are not altogether fanciful. British history is long and eventful, and its length and its events alike point the moral that Britain is for the British, first, last and all the time. It is true that assertions of this fact are at the present time denounced by League propagandists as malignant outbursts of "hatred of England," but such denunciations fall to the ground when levelled against those who speak without any thought of hatred, but with an invincible determination to stand by the facts, and the documents, in the case. Transcendentalism has never found a hospitable hearth in the British Isles—and, in particular, its application in political terms. On the contrary it has, like Cinderella, sat humbly in the ashes while its haughty sisters, rationalism and materialism, have rolled away to the ball in the chariots of the empire-builders. It is again true that the suggestion of these well-known facts just at this time brings hot accusations of pro-Germanism and the desire to sow discord at the peace conference. But such accusations need disturb no one who feels himself above them.

The statement has been made, and is persistently reiterated, in the same or equivalent terms, that "The common people of the world await the formation of the League as those souls in prison of old-time awaited the redemption." I wish I could believe it. But after a prolonged study of the situation, I am constrained to believe that the common people of the world have no more comprehension of the League than the Hottentot has of hypsometry. How, in God's name, can they, when even its propagandists reveal such an extensive ignorance of its most vital functions? What part, may I inquire, have the common people of the world borne in the formation of the League, or the framing of its constitution? It is a mockery to ask. And why drag the common people into a consideration of something that was hatched under the hats of a handful of self-appointed political opportunists, intriguants and doctrinaires? It is not, however, a mockery to observe that in the administration of the League, as



provided for by its published constitution, the only part which the common people of the world will have to play will be that of pawns maneuvered by hand-picked political gamblers.

The United States is adjured not to cast aside the League "in devilish pride, despising the aspirations of mankind for a means of keeping people from being massacred for secret diplomacy," *et cetera*. Yet, it appears, the League is, among other things, itself by no means immune from secret diplomatic taint. If not, why the rigidity of the censorship of news from the peace conference? We have witnessed its workings so far as the people of the United States are concerned. And despite it, there is every reason to believe that a similar condition prevails in France, the utterances of the Parisian press leaving room for no doubt of that. France, indeed, seems far from persuaded that the League is either necessary or desirable, at least in its present form, and the developments in the French ministry are replete with warning to the dispassionate and unillusioned observer. In England—but as England is getting what she wants, is it at all surprising that she is strong for the League and that she cares little about the censorship? What England cares about is to get what she wants. Any other explanation would imply a touching belief in the ability of British nature to change overnight from a condition unchanged and changeless from time immemorial.

If the League represents the aspirations of the common people of the world, why was it necessary, in czar-like and autocratic fashion, to take the cables, the telegraphs and the mails away from them on the eve of the convention for its constitution and promulgation?

If it is an instrument for the suppression of tyranny, why is it necessary for the President of this republic, returning transiently from Versailles to our shores, to breathe sentiments past all precedent warlike and dictatorial? Why is it necessary for him to threaten, threaten, threaten, and to give vent to the most vindictive and menacing hostility when members of congress fail in all details to agree with him? In other words, why does he use coercion and the tyranny of force and power? . . . Truly, such actions, after the protestations that have preceded and, as a curious sort of *obligato*, accompany them, hang ill together!

Now, there is one thing altogether certain, namely, that the League of Nations is no more sacrosanct than was the Divine Right of Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Nor is it any more "devilish pride" which prompts those who object to it than it was heavenly guidance which presided over its creation. All parties to these transactions and beliefs are mere individuals of the genus *homo*, some few of which incidentally happen, for the time being, to be dressed with more than a little brief authority, and bent on making the most of it. They are, I repeat, neither devils on the one side nor angels on the other. Nor will it help the League any to accuse those who do not like it of diabolical intentions.

Neither will it to dismiss what they have to say as "piffle." Those who are disbelievers never have been and never will be converted by jeers or sneers. It is not thus that the heretic is made orthodox, believe me. He is not to be driven out of court by sarcasm, any more than he will be to confession by dragoons. Neither ridicule nor intimidation will shake him. By no such means will he be saved. And well may he ask, What shall it profit me to make the world safe for democracy if thereby I lose my independence? The time seems opportune to recall the advice of Abraham Lincoln regarding the un wisdom of swapping horses in the middle of the stream. Why this precipitancy in trading incontestable title-deeds to the world's richest and most coveted domain, inherited from our fathers who hewed it out of the wilderness and bequeathed it to us in perpetuity, for an equivocal claim in an unexplored Utopia?

An international steam-roller may be able to iron certain faults and wrinkles out of the cosmos, but there is one fundamental thing which it is powerless to change, which, some fine day, when it falls foul of it, will relegate it to the scrap-heap, whither a host of similar political contrivances have preceded it, as everybody is aware. That is the inevitable, the ineluctable collision of racial aspirations, habits and antagonisms. These factors, products of uncounted cycles of diverse origin, environment and development, cannot be eliminated by conferences or leagues, of peace or war. Beneath their superficial dynamics they are almost immitigably static. Of this great fact of nature and human nature, nothing can be more convincing proof, to those versed in history, political not only, but biological and sociological as well, than the Versailles conference and the League themselves.

Dogmatists may dogmatize, doctrinaires may indoc-trinate, perfectionists may perambulate their panaceas, dreamers may dream and visionaries may behold apparitions rising out of the void—at the same time ascribing the beliefs of the veritists and the unillusioned to the Pit, or endeavoring to outlaw them of humanity and convict them of designs upon the welfare of the world, but in the end only the verities will survive. Now, if there is one thing above all others of which the Britons never have lost sight, it is these same verities, and when Tennyson, in a moment of exhilaration, smote his lyre for the edification of the Utopists and hymned "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," remaining at the same time the thorough-paced jingo that racially he always had been and couldn't help being, he was merely giving a luminous exposition of these truths in a strikingly symbolic fashion. Let those who disregard such truths do so at their peril; or, rather, at that of their political card-castles.

I have not lost my taste, as have many moderns, for the poetry of Tennyson. There are portions of it which I can still read with pleasure. But I do not study it as a political vade-mecum. For that, I prefer the Farewell Address of George Washington.

♦♦♦♦

## Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

### XII.—THE POSSIBILITIES OF REMORSE

IF I were to say "I have been again bit by inwit," I might not be understood, because I would be trying to explain something it is hard to explain, and I would be making the explanation in a language with which I am only imperfectly acquainted. The language is English. I have much to learn about it and through it before I can explain anything in it to my own satisfaction and the enlightenment of others. I am always likely to blunder in English or any other language. For example, if I had written above, "I have been agin bit by inwit," it would have been better English than I usually write. And still I might not have been understood by anyone who has never been thus bitten by "inwit," or "con-science," or whatever causes the gnawing feeling of "remorse."

To be bitten by inwit is a memorable experience. Some hundreds of years ago it seems to have been common. A man of middle age or older, then, might have already had the neuralgia, the toothache, the gout and so many other "dis-eases" as to imagine that he had nothing worse to make him "un-easy." Then he might be attacked by something worse than all the others combined. Something that he could not locate as seated in his stomach, his liver or any other organ, would seem to be biting him sharply. He might feel it only at intervals of a week. Then it would become more active. It would bite and bite again until at last it would seem to be "gnaw-ing" him day and night. "Inwit" was the name given it by the unlearned who suffered from it. As they could not explain it and the doctors could not

stop the biting and gnawing, the priests were often sent for, and their explanations of its cause and cure fill volumes. Its importance seemed greater as they studied it, until they were convinced that there could be no relief from it in the case of any wealthy sufferer until he divided with the church, for the benefit of the poor and afflicted, everything he had got by violating the ten commandments during an active and efficient lifetime.

As those who were being bitten and gnawed by their inwits, sometimes gave up great hoards of plunder to the church in the hope of finding relief, the ecclesiastical explanation was that they were undergoing "remorse of conscience." Many volumes were written to explain just what "conscience" was, and how it results in "remorse." These explanations may not be understood, but they show that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries conscience was regarded as a fact and that its symptoms were considered as important as the symptoms of appendicitis are now. This idea appears in many ways during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It survives in the eighteenth and appears even in the nineteenth up to the time of Darwin. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was supposed that remorse might appear even in politics. Pope wrote: "That statesmen have the worm is seen by all their winding play. Their conscience is a worm within, that gnaws them night and day." This, however, may be merely an extreme use of poetic license. Still it shows that there was a time when it could be supposed that there was such a thing as conscience at work in politics until even the most eminent statesmen could undergo remorse, that is, could "have something biting them," which, as another poet supposed, "twines and stings forevermore the heart that must endure it."

While this explanation may not explain anything, it may make it possible for some to believe me when I say once more that "I am agin bit by inwit." I have symptoms so different from anything modern that I might never be able to convince anyone of their existence, who is not ready to be convinced that I may have a conscience because I may have a soul as well as a stomach and liver and that my "inwit" may be located in my soul, when the very latest Darwinian science, using the highest-powered microscope, finds no trace of it in the stomach or the thyroid gland.

Whatever the cause, I have the symptoms. They are worst when I think of the number of trees which must be converted into pulp to make modern books and newspapers. My admiration and respect for trees grow greater as I learn more of them. Is there anyone living who can say that of modern books and newspapers? If there is, I have not one word more to say to him. I can only say that if all the trees which were cut down to make it possible to print what I, Horace Flack, have written during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, were standing now, the world might be the better for it, and I might not be "agin bit by my inwit"—not at least because of existing conditions in the "civilized" world, after the several millions of words I have added to the hundreds of billions printed during my active and efficient use of a typewriter. If the consequences are "civilization," what ought to be done to the alleged "civilizers"?

It was once the business of the public hangman to burn useless and pernicious printed matter. If that custom could be revived, I might find some relief from my present symptoms by adding everything Horace Flack has "in print" to the pile which would make the greatest bonfire in history if it used only the material of the last ten years.

As there is no hope of this relief, I can only repeat that if there is such a thing as conscience, I have it, and my symptoms must be remorse. As trees are being massacred by the millions to make print paper, I must go on asking myself as long as I live, whether I shall ever be able to tell truth enough in print to justify cutting down a single living tree.





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## A Few War Novels

By Emily Grant Hutchings

There is something almost pathetic about the war book, its bitter fight for success and its almost certain fate of swift oblivion. The volumes that have come from the binder, bursting with promise of popularity and emolument, would provide a formidable barricade against an invading army. Not one in a hundred of these stories attained the goal its author expected. "First editions" among them have little prospect of appeal to collectors at premium prices—there being no second editions.

The reason is not far to seek. Most of the authors had nothing to say. They counted on the general excitement and the powerful current of newspaper propaganda to carry them on, as chips float merrily on a rising tide. Some of the stuff was not even of the texture of chips. It sank to the bottom or floated away in the air instead of riding the waves. That was prior to the eleventh of November, 1918. What happens to literary flotsam when the popular tide recedes, we know only too well. Yet even before the sudden termination of the

struggle was anticipated, certain of the initiate realized that the war book, as war book, was doomed. If it would attract attention, it must put on some sort of bizarre dress. It must be something out of the general run—must have a fresh viewpoint, a distinctive flavor or an unusual setting. Four recent works of fiction, picked not at random, but as the result of browsing among some two hundred volumes hot from the press, will serve to illuminate the point.

Three of the writers are women. It is significant that women have done most of the war writing, aside from the frank propaganda stories and articles in the daily papers and magazines. The one which bears the name of a man would not, at first glance, be classed as a war book at all. Moreover, it is devoid of a single masculine trait. "The Promise of Air," by Algernon Blackwood (E. P. Dutton, New York), is a mark-worthy achievement. It has nothing to do with mysticism, wherein Blackwood has reveled in the past. It is the problem of readjustment, after the war, and it visions the only kind of League of Nations that will ever be anything more than an empty name. The title is virtually the whole story. *Joseph Wimble*, whose dreams and musings fill most

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of the pages, never gets any nearer a solution of the riddle of humanity than his first inspired conception that the world will not be set right until we view it from the vantage plane of the air, see ourselves as the birds see us. The practical politician would say Blackwood is too much "up in the air" to give us anything worth while, yet he has the germ of an idea.

*Wimble*, the curious hero, who gets along in the world somehow, in spite of a persistent habit of inviting disaster at every turn, finds a wife when he is engaged in the altogether irrelevant pursuit of a fascinating yellow wagtail. The girl reminds him of the birds he loves, and he decides that she is his soul-mate. He defies his hard-headed British father, and goes off for a honeymoon that is much too heavenly to last. When his wife gives birth to a daughter, she loses all her bird-like quality. She is transformed into a middle class British clod—but the daughter is all the com-

pensation a *Joseph Wimble* could ask.

He dreamed of the time when the homogeneity of the air would be transferred to the earth plane, when there would be no race antagonism, no commercial jealousies, no dividing line of creed or philosophy. To all such rhapsodies his wife, *Joan*, would reply, with complacent tolerance, "Thank God, I am English." She could imagine nothing more to be desired than the exclusiveness of "high church" and the consciousness that other nations were inferior to the British. Her husband's yearning for universal brotherhood was pitiful flying in the face of Providence, which had given the English so much the best of the bargain that only a fool could wish for change. The daughter, even as a child, comprehended that her mother and her mother's kind were at the root of the world's woes. She had the viewpoint of the birds. Blackwood implies that the aviator is going to bring the salvation of humanity, because of a



revolutionary change of concepts, acquired by his experience in the air.

Mary E. Waller uses as clever a device as this, for the unavowed purpose of attracting attention to her war story, "Out of the Silences" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). Indeed, she employs two devices, one of which ought to go if the other should miss fire. She casts her story in the dreary snow wastes of the Turtle Mountains, just over the border from North Dakota, and her picture of Indian life is fascinating. Without the war appendix, this book might have been a valuable addition to the literature of the North American Indian.

The other device is that of form. The pages of the volume look strange and inviting. They are all broken up by subtitles and Arabic numerals. There are no chapters. Instead of the commonplace, "The following morning," or "Two weeks later," Miss Waller puts a "3" or a "4" between paragraphs. Sometimes the break does not indicate a lapse of time, but only a change of thought. The volume is divided into two parts, with four subdivisions in each: "The Land," "The Boy," "A Forest Interlude," "The Path of Life," "Revisited," "At the New Mission," "The Man," "In the Hills of France." These subdivisions are further illuminated by such paragraph headings as: "Straining at the Leash," "The Pipe of Peace," "The Song that Was Never Sung." It reminds you of an old-fashioned quilt, neatly pieced together.

The hero, *Bob Collamore*, is an American boy who is brought up in the hut of a philosophic squaw-man, *Bill Plunkett*. He learns to know the Indians from the inside. When the war breaks out, he does valuable recruiting for the Canadian army. He makes the Indians see that because the American and British governments have oppressed them, it is their duty and opportunity to come to the aid of their white "brethren" against a common foe. That one note does not ring true. *Bob Collamore* probably knew his Indians too well to waste any such fine-spun arguments on them, when the red man's love of fight was so much nearer at hand, so much more efficacious. The tale ends in tragedy, flung at the reader like a bursting shell out of a clear sky. The girl who is going to marry *Bob* when he comes back from France, knows all at once that \* \* \* "she was not alone. Out of the great Unbroken Silence he had come to walk there beside her in the Land of Singing Waters."

Dorothy Canfield's story, "Home Fires in France," from the press of Henry Holt & Co., New York, is a mingling of fact and fiction, written for the purpose—the publisher announces on the jacket—of making the Americans understand French people, and helping the French to understand Americans now in France. Mrs. Canfield has an admirable equipment for this task. She has lived much in France, she speaks the language perfectly and she has had access to the inner secrets of the people. She tells her experiences and her disputes with the American soldiers delightfully. She has a hard time convincing some of them that although the

French build the pig pen against the front window and the denizens of the house have not had a bath for a year, the life of the French is altogether charming. It is this difference of ideal that has caused all the troubles between our boys and the people they went over to rescue from defeat. The French think we are crass and raw, and our soldiers think they are too leisurely and self-satisfied to keep clean. Mrs. Canfield knows that much of our aliveness is wasted exertion and that we could learn a great many valuable lessons from the French, if we could but get at their way of looking at life. The volume is not one continuous narrative, but rather a series of *genre* pictures, "A French Village in the War Zone," "Vignettes from Life at the Rear," "The Refugee," "Eyes for the Blind," "A Honeymoon. . . Vivi L'Amerique!" and a few others as suggestive as these.

There is another viewpoint for the writer of the war book, as important as Blackwood's upper strata of the atmosphere, Miss Waller's Canadian wilds and Mrs. Canfield's rural France. It is the inner shrine of British society, and it is unveiled by Ethel Sidgwick in the most unusual book of the season. "Jamesie" (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), is a presentation of the effect of the war on the smartest circle of British aristocracy. It is "subtly raised to the *n*th degree," and it is not for the impatient reader who insists on having the whole feast on the table at once. If you have not the time or inclination to read "Jamesie" twice, it is almost a waste of effort to read it once. You ponder the first seventy pages of the book without the remotest idea of what is going on. There is a country house party. The collection of weapons must be guarded, the lake in the grounds must be watched—for fear of murder or suicide, you don't know which, or who is likely to be the victim. Then someone is to have a clandestine meeting, down the lane, and you never are quite sure who went or what happened. It is told, or rather, concealed by the epistolary achievement of forty-one letter-writers, including children and servants. The children spell abominably and the meaning is frequently obscured by their amazing sentence structure.

*Jamesie*, who writes some of the most important letters, is the seven-year-old son of *Elizabeth* and *Lord Iveagh Suir*, whose love story is told in Miss Sidgwick's earlier novel, "Hatchways." She builds a war story around the love affair of a French maid and an English manservant, an international romance that is fairly imbedded in the solid handling of the Irish question, the historical and political causes which led to the war, the lack of understanding between the French and the English, the ultimate meaning of "freedom of the sea," and the reaction of the British aristocrat to war stimuli. The work is like a futurist painting. All its mannerisms are new. Its technique is exotic. The vulgar curiosity which demands to know what dukes and duchesses do or think is never gratified. You can only guess at the actuating motives or the actual conduct of the principal characters in the drama. All this is different from

the usual war story; but there is another and a yet more important point of difference. The "hate spirit" which pollutes almost all war fiction is wholly wanting. For this, if for no other reason, "Jamesie" is deserving of high praise. The book, we are told, is the rage among the intellectual "silk stockings" of England, the war book that appeals to the cultured few. Miss Sidgwick's former success would have insured her a respectful hearing; but "Jamesie" is so far off the beaten path, in its structure at least, so daring in its challenge to the reader, that it is almost assured a place among the war books that will survive.

"Ever have any trouble with your ingenue?" "We used to have some trouble with her," replied the manager. "but her press agent solved the problem." "How?" "Whenever she has a tantrum he gets the newspapers to publish the pictures of her two sons who are now holding commissions under Pershing in France." — *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Pat, here's the dollar I borrowed of ye last wake." "Bedad, Mike, I'd forgot all about it." "Och, why the didn't ye say so?" — *Boston Transcript*.



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## The Flame of France

By Catherine Postelle

We are avid to know things about France. She has placed herself on so high a pedestal that, awe-struck, we ask, "What manner of people is this? Whence have they sprung? On what have they been nurtured?"

Just at the right moment Mary Duclaux presents to us her "Short History of France" (Putnam's Sons) more succinct and more vivid than those old histories we have conned. We turn from Guizot, with its interminable pages of fine print and its wanderings away from the main trend of events, to this pleasing volume "written neither for schoolboys nor historians," but for us commoners who yet want to know.

Mary Duclaux, otherwise widely known, first as A. Mary F. Robinson, and later as Mme. Darmestetter, has drawn her portraiture of France in profile and placed it *en silhouette* against the lurid flame of the great conflagration. It is by the light of this flame, thrown backward across the centuries, that the author has toiled, and it is by this light we must interpret her work.

The quotation from Milon de Dormans on the title page gives the keynote of the book, "*Reges regnant suffragio populi.*" The book has that thought ever present, that democracy has always been in the hearts of the Gallic people, often lost in obscurity, sometimes but a little flickering flame that a breath would blow out, yet somehow managing to keep alive.

In the first chapter of the book the author shows on which side she stands. She is writing with the roar of cannon in her ears, and she selects and compares even those earliest events by the light of the great conflict. "These essential differences are still existent," she says painstakingly, and quotes from Caesar's Commentaries: "On the left bank of the Rhine are a people so reasonable, with taste and instinct for philosophy, the religious scruple and confidence and a frequency of immaterial influences. Among their altars was once raised to Teuta, the people, the city, the State. On the other side of the Rhine, the Germans seemed to Caesar to have no religion, no gods, no cultus. The King was the sole High Priest and, after nature, war the only god."

It was a long time before France emerged from the obscurities of those early times and became France as we know her today. Finally, however, we have a France with a centralized government, with the imposition of taxes to maintain the extravagancies of the Court, and the exemption of the nobles from taxation. Democracy is not dead. She begins to stir. De Dormans whispers in the ear of France his "*Reges regnant suffragio populi.*" D'Aubigné echoes the sentiment, "The power of the Prince proceeds from the people." There is a spirit developing in France, half romantic, half stoical, which we are to meet with supremely in our own times animating the *poilu* of the trenches. What boots it, if Queen Catherine has a chapter read to her son every evening from Machiavelli's "Prince?" There were the Huguenots pressing hard against the sides of mon-

archy. "If the monarchy degenerates, it is the duty of subjects not to submit, but to warn their sovereign of his excess and to correct the error of his ways." And so deep abides the conception that kings reign only by the will of the people, we have that strange League of Ultra Catholics—the party of Absolute Monarchy—forsaking the king and writing to the Pope, "We are jealous of the honor of God and the glory of France. We are Frenchmen, not slaves."

The century of Louis Fourteenth seems to abolish democracy, but a few there were always to hold the sacred flame, to hide it, to keep it alive, to break forth with it to the astonishment and confusion of kings. A wonderful century, this of Louis Fourteenth. All was so fair on the outside, a smiling France, but at the end of the century a bankrupt France and the first rumblings of the Revolution for those who had ears to hear. There is Voltaire a little later grumbling in exile, "What is our Constitution? A tissue of contradictions." And there is Rousseau writing, "We must destroy society as it exists today. Let us renew the Social Contract."

The Eighteenth Century draws on with still further exaltation of the nobles and degrading of the bourgeois. Where is that flame of democracy? Men such as Barnave, Carnot, Danton, men of brains, full of ambition, capacity, energy, not allowed to take rank as officers of the army, though they say at the Artillery School that the competent are not the noble and the noble not the competent. Here are the inflammable materials of the Revolution. These bourgeois youths by spontaneous adhesion constitute a new France enthusiastic for freedom. The monarchy of France must fall though it take ten years of riot, of violence, of blood. Dr. Guillotin makes his famous invention to facilitate the work. The Loire and the Seine stink with corpses.

Madame Duclaux skims this dark period briefly. She has no need to linger. Those who wish may take down the old pages of Carlyle, who has made an epic poem of the Revolution.

The *vox populi* is heard at last. France calls a young Corsican to be Dictator. He is a man of peace. He gives the Code Napoleon. He issues his Plebiscite. It is a government founded on the consent of the people. But Napoleon is ambitious. He conquers the world for France. He is crowned Emperor. Again discontent, dissatisfaction. The Emperor is mad with power. His adherents forsake him. There is division and strife, the overthrow of Napoleon, his abdication and exile. Louis the Eighteenth is escorted to Paris, and France seems to move back centuries. Again a monarchical government, but it takes twelve thousand foreign troops to guard the king against a new Revolution. "But military force could not prevent the expansion of a great political ideal. A gradual but sure development of democracy was the ask of the nineteenth century."

So the volume closes, which is no ending of the story. It is a pity to leave France so suspended when just ahead stretches the most magnificent

drama of all times, which we call the great war. "The body of France was in torture but her forehead alight with the beauty of the morning as she walked high of heart through the Valley of the Shadow."

"*Marchez! Abattez le tyran!*" cries Barbaroux on the morning of the fifth of July, 1792, to his five hundred and seventeen Marseillaise. With their guns on their thighs, "*Marchons!*" they cry back, for they know how to die. So France marched to the trenches to the Battle Hymn of the Marseillaise as did those Marseillaise of old, for she also knew how to die—that she might live.

♦♦♦

## A Sahara Sand-Storm

It was Mohammed el-Habib, who came from the untraveled deserts far away to the south of Morocco, who told the story of the sandstorm to the writer. For a long time he would come, perhaps once a year, to visit the writer at Tangier, riding nineteen days on his camel from his desert home to Mogador, and thence another sixteen to twenty days on mule to Tangier, for he seldom ventured on the sea. He would stay a week or two, and then, wearying for the desert, leave as unexpectedly as he had arrived.

In a moonlit garden in Fez Mohammed el-Habib told the true story of the sandstorm:

"God's spring was over and God's summer was upon us, for every season, good or bad, is God's season, and every day God's day. In the days of prosperity our thoughts are only for the present; in the days of distress we forget the days of prosperity. Days come and days go, but every day is written in the books of God.

"And with the summer came the great heat, and with the heat the withering of the grass and the drying up of the little pools in the stony valleys. So we dwellers in the black tents descended to the lower grounds, where even in summer there is water in the wells, some seventy of us in all, numbering the women and children, with our flocks of sheep and our herds of camels. For days we passed on, and the camels grazed on such dry thorn bushes as they could find by the wayside, while our sheep ate as is the manner of the country, for each sheep carried, tied to his back, a little hay, cut and dried in the spring, so that one and all nibbled as they went, and each carried food for his neighbor.

"And so we reached the summer wells, where grew even palm trees and thorn bushes, and we pitched our goats'-hair tents in a circle and rested after our journey. And when the camels and sheep and the shepherds were rested we dispersed them over the surrounding country, to graze on the dry grass, and, lest the wells might be reduced, we sent them afeld, for there were other wells in the country round.

"Only the she-camels that were in milk we kept with us, and our food was of dates and milk. The dates we had purchased and brought with us; of the milk there was always a sufficiency. Bread we had none, and meat and sugar we ate only on the great feast days.

And in the summer no man can hunt or go abroad, so great is the heat. Day is as the open door of a furnace, and at night the door is only half-closed. Our hours are spent under the shade of our tents, listening to the wise men propounding the Word of God and teaching our children; and all can read and write, and many know the blessed Koran by heart—and may God's blessing rest on such.

"And days came, and days went by, but every day was marked in the book of God. And then came the east wind, that brings fear to the hearts of the dwellers in tents. For three days it blew softly, but the fourth day it increased in strength, and upon its wings it bore the fine grains of sand—and little whirlwinds raised pillars of dust that passed through and above our tents, scattering them. And we prayed to God the all-merciful with parched lips that dropped blood—for the heat was as the anger of God. Hard we worked to save the wells, but we had nothing to cover them, and hour by hour the wells were choked by the drifting sand. Our eyes, in pain, saw nothing but death before us when the water in the water-skins would be finished, for we had filled them all before the wells were choked and buried them in the sand, for the east wind drinks the water through the skins. Under such tents as resisted the tempest we sat down and awaited the judgment of God, praying the while. And still the wind blew, and the daylight was as dusk, only the darkness was red; and the women lifted up their voices and wailed, and refused to be comforted.

"And still the wind blew.

"Our sheep were scattered in the desert and died, and our camels, with outstretched necks, lay low to the ground, uttering dull groans, and with their eyes distended in terror. And every now and again one would break loose from its hobbles and rush forward into the desert to die.

"And still the wind blew.

"Our water was almost done, and death looked us in the face, and very near. Then in the roaring tempest we took counsel, though our words could scarce be heard in the wrath of the wind, and some decided to try to reach other wells, three days' journey off, and others decided to remain and trust in God. And many were too weak to move, or had no sufficiency of water for the journey. And such as went forth packed their tents upon their camels as best they could, and after confiding each other to the care of God they sallied forth—and none to this day knows where they died.

"And still the wind blew.

"And all the water that remained in my tent was in a large bowl, for the water skins had cracked and would no longer hold it, and we placed the bowl up to its rim in the sand and covered it with a wet cloth.

"And I said to the woman, my wife, 'God, who created us, has led us into the pathway of death; but let us not complain. He, and He alone, knows. Our lives and our deaths are in His hands. Many have passed before us and many will follow, and were it not for the child—! Behold! we have still a bowl of water. Tonight we will not



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drink, and in the morning we will give the child to drink his fill, and you and I will drink after him—but we will leave a little in the bowl for him, so that we may not see him die.

"And we lay down to sleep, and at our feet the little one, ill at ease and moaning, and he had only five summers in his little life. When dawn appeared—red gloom in the sandstorm—I awoke, for it was the hour of prayer. And I knew not if I dreamed or if my eyes saw truly, for standing at the door of the tent was the child holding the bowl of water in his hands, and from the bowl drank a long-horned antelope, the most timid of God's creatures, who never approaches man or the habitations of man. And the child laughed as the antelope drank. I woke the woman, my wife, and she saw, too, and we marvelled, and neither the child nor the antelope heeded us. And the woman cried, 'Behold, the little water we kept for the child is gone; surely death is very nigh.'

"And when the antelope had finished drinking it stood still, and the child laid down the bowl and cast his little arms round the antelope's neck and kissed each of its beautiful eyes and laughed again.

"And the spirit of poetry came upon me, and I stood up and declaimed:

*"The hunter and the hunted have become as one;*

*Thirst and fear of death have brought them together.*

*In the hunter's tent the hunted one drank life from the hands of the hunter's child,*

*And their love is sealed with a kiss of peace."*

"And still the wind blew.

"And the woman cried, 'I am athirst. How long, O God, how long!' And I soothed her and spoke to her: 'God will not take the life of the child who gave his hope of life to the antelope.'

"And then the wind ceased, and the silence was as a great emptiness.

"And God's rain fell."—*Morocco correspondence of London Times.*

♦♦♦

## A Consultation

By S. Weir Mitchell

Both men were physicians. The older of the two was far on in a life of success. The man he bade be seated had blue eyes, and was the owner of forty well-used years.

"Glad to see you, John," said the older man. He was about to add, "You look worried," but, on second thought, said only:

"What can I do for you?"

"You can listen to me for ten minutes."

"As long as you like; you know we do that all day. Don't hurry."

"You know, doctor, that I was once engaged to Helen Dauntton. That was ten years ago."

"Yes—I know. Quite so; yes—yes—remember it well—yes."

The younger man said: "No, you do not know, and don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

The gray head turned with a quick side glance of questioning observation, and knew at once that this was a man to be taken with care. He said: "Go on, John; I interrupted you."

"I fell ill; I went to India and Australia. When I came back she was married, the wife of—of all men—Wanfell, the banker. He was thirty years older than she. What! what was I saying? I mean, she was thirty years younger than he. I did not know why she did it. Now I know."

The older man said: "I remember her well. She was beautiful—but—"

John interrupted hastily: "That's unnecessary. I wish you would listen."

Here he rose and bent over his friend, who remained seated, a hand on his cheek, intent and a little anxious.

"This fellow Wanfell was my father's partner, and—ruined him."

"Yes—yes."

"Oh, damn it! Don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

"Pardon me, John. I sometimes forget how to listen."

"Well, don't do that again; I—I—can't bear it. I have hoped the years would give me a chance—I mean—I hoped that man would some day be in my power. He is! He was—and now—now—" Here he paused, and then went on: "What was it I was saying? Oh, that woman!"

The older physician laid a hand on his arm.

"You were saying, John, I think—"

"No—no; you asked me why she married that scoundrel."

"No, my dear fellow, I did not ask—"

"But your eyes asked."

"You must excuse them. The curiosity of the eyes is not to be governed. But—go on. What else is there? Tell me quietly."

John sat down.

"Quietly! My God! You know, sir, I have never cared for any other woman. She has always had my—love. I have kept away from her. We have met but twice in a chance way, and once for a mad moment. Now, sir, now—oh, that woman, that woman! I—knew she could not help it—and she is—she is—"

"Drop her, John, and tell me what you want of me."

"I will—I will. It is just this: A week ago, late, about eleven at night, a servant came in haste with a note from her. Would I come instantly to see—Wanfell. He had had a fit. I went; of course I went. She said I must keep—the case. God help and pardon me, I did—I did!"

"Why did you?"

"Why do you ask me? You know—well enough."

"Are you still in charge?"

"Yes. He is very ill; half conscious; a decayed beast. He may die any moment—any moment, or drag on—for years—years."

"I see."

"No, you do not. Every day she says: 'How long will he last? Will he die soon? It is cruel to try to keep him alive!'"

"People often say that," said the older physician.

"I know; but you understand. Don't trifle with me. I told you what she said, and you should not want me to say more. I will not—"

"Whatever I can do for you I will do."

"Then take this case off my hands. You or some one must—take it."

"Very well, John I—"

"It isn't well at all! Help me now—at once. Can't you see my—my trouble?"

"Yes; I saw it all along. I will help you. It is easy—"

"Easy! Nothing is easy. I say, I can not stand it! That half-dead dog—and that—that woman!"

He stood up and went on: "Now do you think I was right to yield—to stay on—stay on? Pity me! I had two good—I mean two bad—reasons—the man and the woman. I am plain, you see."

He laughed, and it was not a laugh good to hear.

"I shall be frank with you, my friend. You were wrong; you hate him, and you love—"

"John broke in: 'Don't say that kind of thing! Don't hint it!'"

"But, my dear fellow—"

"We won't discuss it. I am the person concerned. You let him alone—and her, too. You never were in the hell of a marriage like that. What must I do? I want to be made to do something—forced—"

"Be quiet a moment. Sit down and I will answer you."

He took out his watch and laid a finger on his friend's pulse. Presently he looked up, and said, smiling:

"You have consulted me, and now, as your doctor, I say, my dear fellow, that you are in no state to practice medicine."

"That is so."

"Neither are you fit to have the charge of a man who may die at any moment—"

"And who ought to die, damn him!"

"Yes; but it must not be while he is in your care. Go out of town—at once, today. Do not write to her. I will call and explain it all to her—to Mrs. Wanfell."

"Yes—you will do that—and I am ill, very ill. Thank you. Don't you think I ought to see her before I go?"

"I do not. Promise me that you will not."

"I will not—see her. Oh, never, never!"

"Stay away three weeks."

"How can I?"

"You must. Now go."

"Where is my hat?"

"Here. Now I have your word. In a day or two you will be glad you went."

John left him, saying: "Thank you. Yes, I am sick enough—soul-sick."

The older man went with him to the door. Returning, he sat down and, playing with his watch-guard, was still a little while, and then spoke aloud the final conclusion of his reflections, which was a way he had:

"It is very easy to let a man die. I was wise to make him run away from it. If he had done his best and that rascal died, he would have lived in the shadow of remorse, where no crime had been and if— Here he ceased to speak. But by and by he murmured, as he rose: "What of the woman? A touch and a look may say, 'Do it!' He has told but half."

The younger man went to Aiken and played golf. At the close of a fortnight he received two telegrams; one

was from the doctor. He went home the next day, but did not go to the funeral of Wanfell.

As the years went by, some of his friends wondered why he did not marry the woman he had once loved. When the old doctor's wife was thus curious, her husband said that he believed he knew why, but would never tell.

When urged to explain, he stated that it was all clearly set forth in the New Testament.—*From Town Talk, San Francisco.*

♦♦♦

## New America

By Thomas Stewart McNicoll

"New America" is the catchy title of a new book from the press of the Mac-Millan Co. It is written by Frank Dilnot, "an Englishman," as he tells us in the sub-title of the book. Just what he means by New America he does not explain, but as the book is all on observations taken in this country since the war began, we must infer that he means, what we are hearing from many sources, these days, that our participation in the war has been such a revolutionary thing that it has caused all old things, and old America among them, to pass away. Opposition to this passing, rather than mere hostility to our President, would seem to be the real reason behind much of the opposition to the proposed League of Nations.

Dilnot's little book is a very readable collection of observations about our life, customs and manners, particularly those that differ from European and particularly English ways. He tells about what we eat, how we dress and our sports and amusements. While the praise outweighs the criticism, he can not resist the temptation to give us a sharp dig. It would seem that he, as well as the majority of his countrymen, can not endure our bacon, nor the way we roast beef or make tea. Then they miss a certain home loving, domestic touch in our women. Our baseball is rather too violent for them, and the promiscuous mingling of both sexes in scanty bathing suits, not in the water, but lounging about on the sands at our summer resorts, gives the author quite a shock. Aside from these things he thinks we are wonderful. Our hotels are a never ending source of delight. The universal use of steam heat in winter and ice water in summer is very conducive to comfort. Our women are such delightful comrades, and so intellectual. Our great men are so easy of approach, and in most cases above expectation. He visits Oyster Bay and its first citizen and comes away deeply impressed at the engaging frankness, the wonderful versatility and the amazing energy of the Great American. He is also impressed by the strong and serious intellect of Elihu Root. President Wilson disappointed him at first, and did not impress him, save by a certain icy coldness and remarkable self-possession. Later, as he viewed what the President had accomplished, and the position he had won by his leadership, this Englishman succumbs, like the majority of his leading men, today, and acknowledges Wilson as a wonderful man. Dilnot alludes to the lack of knowledge our people have



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to

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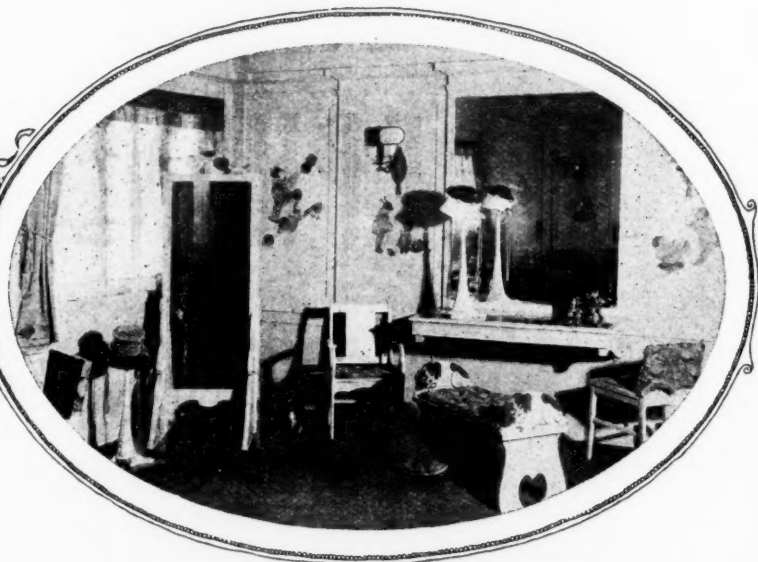
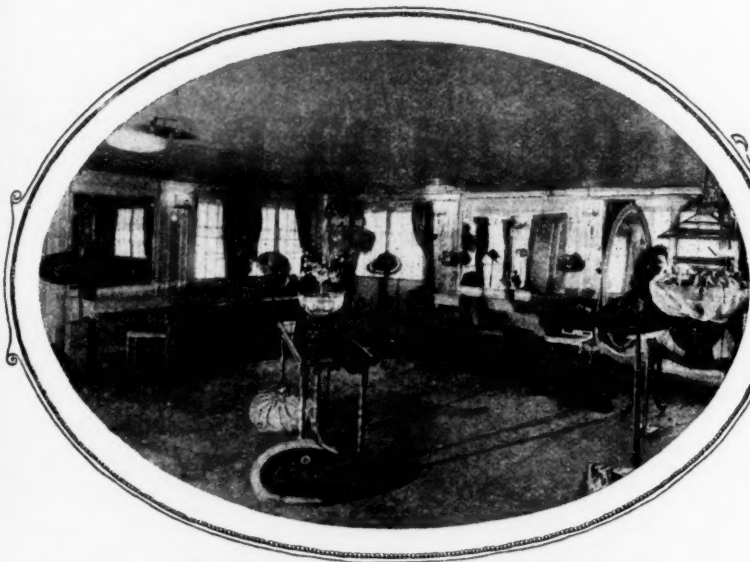
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Announcing the Completion of Additional New Rooms to Our  
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The term Salon is most appropriately applied to these newly completed Millinery Sections, as in many ways the beauty and grace of a French Salon of the "old regime" of the time of the Louis is suggested. The main color theme is artistic blendings of French gray, with subdued lights, silken hangings, vivid Art Nouveau cushions and various *objects d'art*.

*These beautiful rooms afford an environment which will appeal to women of refinement who appreciate privacy, quiet leisure and individual attention when choosing millinery. In this, the Mlle. Modiste Salon is now prepared to offer St. Louis women a unique service, different perhaps from that of any city in America. Come in and see the display of Spring Millinery assembled from authoritative fashion sources which awaits your inspection and approval.*

## The Juvenile Millinery Salon for Kindergarten Tots to "Sweet Sixteens"

This is a place little folks will love to visit many, many times. It has gay flower-tinted lights and its walls in rich ivory tones are painted with lovable real-as-life scenes that Robert Louis Stevenson would surely have written verses about, because they so truly reflect the very spirit of childhood. Real kiddie furniture, too, of domesticated jungle beasts made so comfortable for a small child to sit on while trying on the many new Spring hats that are winsome as Youth in Springtime—almost.

Third Floor.

of England and her institutions. He says we know nothing of the "gorgeous history of England save the disastrous blot upon it of 1776," yet I venture to say that we, or the average citizen of the United States, know more of that "gorgeous history" and of English literature than the average Englishman knows of our history and literature.

If New America is getting before the public in many ways, it is largely because of our changed relations towards England. The attitude of the America of yesterday towards England is well known. From our text books at school, from our Fourth of July orators, from the average political spellbinder, it was one long attack on England, one continuous twisting of the lion's tail. There were more reasons for this than the traditional prejudice handed down from revolutionary times: the large and hostile Irish immigration, and in late years, the presence of a German propaganda, contributed their share. No

doubt the old America was too bitterly prejudiced against England, but there is danger, today, that the new America may swing too far in the opposite direction. The leading diplomats, statesmen and writers of the Tight Little Isle, following the lead of the Balfour mission to this country, are paying too flattering court to us for our own good. Just now it seems we can do no wrong. Verily, this marvelous harmony should alarm us. One of the first intimations of this wooing of America was an effort upon the part of some writers to smooth away the ugly facts of the Revolution. The English people ought not to be blamed for the bad treatment of the colonies. It was the bad king and the worse ministers. Yet what move did the good people make to protest against this treatment or to prevent it? When the Stamp Act was passed, Franklin was in London, and what is his evidence as to the feelings of the good people towards America? Read

in Sparks' "Life of Franklin" this letter from the great Benjamin: "Every man in England seems to consider himself as a piece of a sovereign over America, seems to jostle himself into the throne with the king, and talks of our subjects, our colonies." And in a later letter he says, "The tide was too strong against us. The nation was provoked by America's claims to independence, and all parties joined by resolving in this act to settle the point. We might as well have hindered the sun's setting." True, there were some clear sighted men and lovers of justice who did resent the taxation of America, but they were in a great minority. There were many men in this country, and some of them great men, too, who did not approve of our war with Mexico, but does that relieve us of the blame, if blame there was, of that one-sided affair? But the treatment of the colonies was not the only thing old America held against England. What of the

### Attention, Taxpayers!

The assessment books, containing the assessments of Real and Personal Property for the taxes of the year 1919, are now open for inspection in the office of the Assessor, rooms 114-15-17, City Hall, Twelfth and Market streets.

A readjustment of valuations of Real Estate has been made throughout the City and taxpayers are requested to call now and examine their assessments.

The Board of Equalization will meet in this office on Monday, March 17th, 1919, and remain in session four (4) weeks and no longer.

Complaints against assessments before this Board must be made in writing and sworn to.

Blank forms can be had at this office. No complaints can be considered after the Board has adjourned.

LOUIS WOLLBRINCK,  
Assessor.

War of 1812? What of the open sympathy and aid given the Confederacy? England, or to be precise, Great Britain, is a mighty empire, and she is so



largely because she always "looks out for No. 1." Her charity and her justice envelop the world, but always and always they commence at home. And if, today, she is courting our favor, we may rest assured that it is not for any great excess of love for us or desire for our prosperity and peace. No, there is an immediate and pressing need for her to have the great prestige, power and wealth of the United States arrayed upon her side. True, all this may be a good and a necessary thing—that the threatened wave of bolshevism may not engulf the world, and that peace may come again with healing in her wings, but let us not deceive ourselves with false hopes. To many Englishmen, like the Scotsman, James Mathew Barrie, one of these hopes is that England may use this present opportunity to undo the bad work of the Revolution, and as he puts it, "make it up permanently." If they do, he adds, something will have been accomplished greater than the war itself. Is this what New America may come to mean?

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## Coming Shows

"Old Lady 31," Rose Crothers' comedy, founded on the novel by Louise Forssmundi, which has been a great success in New York for the past year, will come to the Shule t-Jefferson next week. The scenes are laid in a New England village and the story concerns an aged couple who are inmates of an old ladies' home. The husband, a gruff old sea captain, finds himself out of place among thirty women and gets away, but the one brief night spent outside is so uncomfortable that he is glad to return as "Old Lady 31." The company is headed by Effie Ellsler.

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Margaret Anglin in her delightful English comedy, entitled "Billeted," will be the attraction at the American next week beginning Monday evening. The "billeting" is at the home of a woman whose husband had deserted her several years before the opening of the play and the circumstances set the village tongues wagging. The wandering husband appears as one of the officers to be billeted. The wife, for reasons relating to an insurance policy, had announced his death just prior to his return. Ensuing complications are highly amusing and give Miss Anglin every opportunity to display her skill as a comedienne.

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Manager Sullivan of the Orpheum takes particular pride in the bill which he will offer the patrons of that theatre next week. It is headed by Hobart Van Zandt Bosworth assisted by Ida Stanhope and Carroll Ashburn in a tabloid dramatization of Jack London's "Sea Wolf." There is a motion picture prelude which shows the rescue of *Van Woyden* from the sinking ferry boat and the picking up at sea of *Maud Brewster*. The curtain rises on a sectional view of "The Ghost," the schooner which *Larsen* commands, and the playlet shows his infatuation for *Maud*, his brute insistence and ultimate death. Other excellent numbers are Molly McIntyre in an Irish romance called "The Love Chase"; Al Laydel and Carleton Macy delineating characters from "Old Cronies"; Bert Grant and Bill James, popular song writers; Browers, Walters and Crockers, grotesque acrobats; Harry and Grace Ellsworth in song and dance specialties; Stanley and Birnes in novelty dances, and the Travel Weekly.

\*\*\*

The 1919 Song and Dance Revue, with Kathryn and Toots McConnell and Ford Hanford, and a sextette of charming young girls who have been selected for their beauty and ability, will be the headliner on the Columbia bill next week; the feature picture will be Madge Kennedy in "Daughter of Mine." Other numbers will be Leila Shaw in her new playlet, "There She Goes Again"; the Bally-Hoo Three, presenting "Circus La Petite"; Jack



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Cahill and Don Romaine in a comedy skit, and the Nippon Duo, clever Japanese entertainers. A Mack Sennett comedy, "Billy's Wash Day," Current Events and comedy films will complete the program.

\*\*\*

"Resista" is the stage name of a ninety-eight pound girl whom the strongest man cannot lift. Among those who have tried and failed have been Zybyesco, Hackenschmidt and Frank Gotch. She will be the leading attraction on the Grand Opera House stage next week and any person in the audience is at liberty to try to lift her. Other features will be Daisy Dugas and the Variety Four, a little lady and four male fashion plates, in a singing number; Walmsley and Myers in "Comicalities of Life"; Tabor and Greene, two disciples of Nicodemus in songland; Harry and Etta Conley in "At the Old Cross Roads"; Joe Nathan, variety entertainer; DeLea and Norma, "Six Feet of Comedy"; Ah Ling Foo, Oriental wizardry, and the Animated Weekly. An added attraction, of special interest to all St. Louisans, will be the Parks and Playgrounds films.

\*\*\*

He called his typist to his office. "Miss Keytap, you dress neatly and you have a well-modulated voice. I might add that your department is also above re-

proach." "You shouldn't pay me so many compliments." "I only want to put you in a cheerful frame of mind before taking up the matter of your spelling and punctuation."

\*\*\*

Ma—There is one thing about Edith's young man, dear; you don't have to get up every night to send him off. Pa—No; thank heaven, one of our girls has picked out a self-starter.—*Kansas City Star*.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Flatbush—So he's married a widow? Mr. Flatbush—Yes, he's married to her, all right. Mrs. Flatbush—Was it love at first sight for him? Mr. Flatbush—No; she saw him first.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

\*\*\*

She (after his proposal)—Did you ever say anything like this to a girl before? He—Heavens! You don't suppose it could be done like that the first time, do you?—*Boston Transcript*.

## Marts and Money

These are lucrative days on the Stock Exchange in New York. Business is big, and growing so fast that brokers are frantically calling for additional margin-clerks and accountants. Million-share days are getting quite common again. Financiers are "optimistic," and Elbert H. Gary predicts another long season of real prosperity after completion of price-cutting in all leading lines of business. Letters of prominent concerns dwell in unctuous words on the propitious meaning of the activity and bulges on the exchange, and assert that there can be no question that confidence has been restored, and that the Washington authorities are firmly resolved to do the right thing henceforth as regards finances and industries.

There was much joy and jollification after the results of the Steel conference had been announced. The price of Steel common was rushed up to 100%,



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Put the saving idea into your employees' heads, for your own sake as well as theirs. The thrift habit will soon reflect itself in their daily business attitude. The man with a Mercantile savings account is more efficient, more earnest. He worries less. He has more pride and self-respect. He is less apt to become dissatisfied or restless. He *sticks* and becomes more and more valuable to you as the years go by.

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EVERY NIGHT  
Under Cover and Open Air  
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FIRE BRICK COMPANY  
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a new top mark since January 1. On February 10 the figure was 88¼. Simultaneously, there happened a remarkable upward movement in many other industrial issues, actual gains ranging from two to four points. Most of the purchasing was for the account of frightened traders who had been too hasty in putting out short lines on account of heavy falls in some foreign exchange rates, disquieting news from Paris, and traction receiverships in New York.

Efforts to cover were additionally stimulated by talk that the latest developments at Washington signified nothing less than virtual annulment of the obnoxious Sherman Act of 1892, and that, for this very reason, the Department of Justice will soon ask permission to withdraw the dissolution suits filed in the last six or seven years against the United States Steel and other prominent corporations. The idea does not seem ridiculous. After consenting to enter a conference called for the purpose of fixing prices for the entire iron and steel trade, the government can no longer claim that it appears before the courts with clean hands in anti-trust suits.

When the armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, the price of pig iron, as fixed by the government, was \$33 per great ton; the new price is \$25.75. For 4-inch billets, the respective quotations are \$47.50 and \$38.50; for sheet-bars, \$51 and \$42; for slabs, \$50 and \$41; for merchant bar base, \$2.90 and \$2.35 per hundredweight; for wire-rod, \$57 per great ton, and \$52; for rails (standard Bessemer), \$55 and \$45; and for rails (standard H), \$57 and \$47. The average reduction is estimated at about 10 per cent. Attempts are being made to establish appropriately lowered quotations also for the lumber trade.

That the recovery from depression will be as quick and extensive as optimistic Wall Street pretends to believe, remains to be seen, especially so in view of the quite astonishing breaks in exchange rates on London, Paris and Rome. These, it is generally agreed, were the outcome of the increasing desire of the British, French, and Italian governments to cut imports from America to the uttermost, in order to foster domestic industries and to strengthen finances and credit abroad.

Since September, 1914, J. P. Morgan & Co., upon instructions from the British government, had kept the quotation for demand sterling at or close to \$4.76½. A week or two prior to that date, the rate had fallen as low as \$4.48. At this writing demand sterling is quoted at \$4.58 to \$4.60. Parity is \$4.8665. The rate on Paris broke to 5.79 francs the other day; the latest is 5.73. This compares with a parity of 5.18½. A French merchant is thus compelled to pay five francs and seventy-three centimes for the American dollar, against only five francs and a trifle over eighteen centimes before the war. The current rate for Italian lire exchange is 7.50, against a parity of 5.18½.

J. P. Morgan & Co. have made announcement that they have been ordered by the British authorities to cease buying sterling exchange for the account of the British government. The

natural result is an open market, not only for British, but also for French and Italian bills of exchange. The depreciation in the rates means a corresponding appreciation of the dollar, lessening demand for American products, and further unsettlement in the American labor market. The cutting of industrial prices and wages must therefore be considered a timely and inevitable remedial measure.

E. H. Gary declared after the Steel conference that the new prices would be kept intact throughout 1919. According to some large Eastern construction companies, the cuts have not been drastic enough to justify expectations of an important revival in the building trade at least. They point out that the new mill price for structural shapes indicates a reduction of not more than \$7 a ton, whereas it should have been not less than \$16. Advices from some leading Western cities, Pittsburg in especial, indicate that builders there are disposed to take a more hopeful view of conditions and prospects, though willing to admit that some minor concerns might be forced to suspend operations altogether.

Wall Street did not feel much perturbed over the news that the great Croton Iron Works had gone into the hands of receivers. E. A. Morse, president of the corporation, made the following statement: "We regret that owing to the failure of the United States Shipping Board to keep its agreement with us relative to a loan of over \$1,000,000, on security furnished by us, and also on account of its delay in making adjustments on claims under our contract, we have been obliged, in order to protect ourselves, to ask for protection of the court until such time as our accounts against the shipping board can be paid and our creditors paid in full." The corporation is said to have \$2,000,000 in government contracts under way.

The appointment of receivers for the New York Railways Company and for the Interborough-Consolidated corporation made considerable impression for a while on Wall Street minds, though the actual results were serious solely in the quotations of stocks other than those immediately affected. The discounting process had been noticeable for some weeks, or rather months. It made itself felt particularly after the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company had declared itself insolvent. There's no fear, at this time, that the Interborough Rapid Transit company, which operates the subways, might likewise be forced into bankruptcy. It still is able to pay maturing coupons. But it is evident that the company's refunding 5 per cent bonds are steadily weakening. They have declined from 74½ to 68.

The ruination of New York traction systems is the natural outgrowth of criminal inflation of capitalization, of rotten methods of operation, of payment of unearned dividends. For years, mergers and consolidations followed in quick succession. They foreshadowed collapse and disaster, though they put millions of dollars into the pockets of a set of cynical, reckless entrepreneurs. There's the Harlem line—what is it really? Just a franchise—nothing else. The stock of the Broadway line was handed to aldermen who were not



# REEDY'S MIRROR

ashamed to accept bribes and subsequently made their escape to Montreal. A disgusting, sordid story, all this. But there are many others of a similar sort. St. Louis, too, can unfold a startling tale about municipal corruption.

## Finance in St. Louis

Pretty dull on Fourth street right now. Brokers and their customers are more interested in the doings of Wall Street than in transactions on the local exchange. There are no special features of interest. National Candy common is maintained at or around 74, but actual business is not voluminous. Twenty-five Certain-teed common brought 29 lately; five Brown Shoe common, 74; twenty-five Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred, 100, and twenty International Shoe preferred, 110. The market for street railway issues is all but dead. Ten United Railways preferred were sold at 12.25 the other day. Last year's top mark was 25. The quotation for Independent Breweries 6s, which was down to about 32 some time ago, has been lifted to 48, at which \$1,000 has been transferred. Kansas City Home Telephone 5s are selling at 90.50. This denotes a rise of about six points over the 1918 minimum.

## Latest Quotations

Mechanics-Am. National	246 1/2
Nat. Bank of Commerce	127
Northwestern Savings	350
Third National Bank	260
United Railways com.	31 1/2
do pf.	10
do 4s	11 1/2
Mo. Portland Cement	49 3/4
Ely & Walker com.	77 1/2
Hyd. P. Brick com.	105
do pf.	4
Ind. Brewing 1st pf.	30
National Candy com.	7 1/4
Wagner Electric	71
	145

## Answers to Inquiries

INTERESTED, St. Louis.—(1) Certain-teed Products common is quoted at 29 at this moment. The high point in 1918 was 50; in 1917, 51 3/4. It thus would appear as though the price had discounted a great deal of adversity, actual and prospective. If you desire to average, put in a provisional order at say 25. Unless you have a fixed faith in the stock's future, you should select something that pays a moderate dividend and is quoted between 30 and 50. Many a fellow went broke in averaging operations. (2) As regards Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred, would advise doing nothing for the present.

TRADER, St. Louis.—(1) National Conduit & Cable is a third-rate speculation. If the bull crowd can retain control of affairs a while longer, and keep the public plunging in industrials, Conduit may finally fall in line, too, and score an advance of five or six points. When the craze is at its height, they will buy A. O. T. However, it will probably be best for you to let the thing alone. (2) Take your profit on Worthington Pump, and don't wait for the top eighth. (3) Atchison preferred is reasonably valued at 86 1/8. No serious decline likely.

E. R. O'B., Waterbury, Conn.—Interborough-Consolidated common is quoted at 3 1/2 to 4. The corporation's affairs are badly confused and reorganization will undoubtedly be slow and painful to owners. All you can do is to

hand in your certificate and to take your medicine. It is possible, but not probable, that ultimately, say six or seven years hence, you may be able to retrieve your loss. Municipal ownership wouldn't do you much good, if at all. The Interborough-Metropolitan collateral 4 1/2s you should not sacrifice at the ruling price of 32 1/4.

B. H. H., Rochester, Minn.—(1) General Electric is rated at 158, or about fourteen points above the recent low mark. This represents creditable valuation in prevailing circumstances, though 187 or 188 was paid in 1912 and 1913. If you wish to add to your holdings, the proper thing to do is to await some important reaction. It's not gainful, as a rule, to make a fifty-fifty purchase, that is, to enter the market after prices have already been raised to a considerable extent. (2) Keep your money out of Twin City Rapid Transit. (3) Hudson Oil, representing a Louisiana property, is mostly a prospect, but assiduously advertised by interested agents and brokers. The current price of 2 1/4 on the New York curb is a rough estimate, despite alluring talk about rich strikes in immediate neighborhood. If you can afford to take a little flyer of this kind, instruct your broker accordingly. You may be lucky.

READER, Kearney, Nebr.—Farm Loan 5s, quoted at 104 1/2, are a choice investment. The price quoted is not too high, though it is quite possible that it might drop to 102 in the event of further reaction in the general bond list, in Liberties especially. With respect to municipals, you should not find it difficult to purchase on terms returning you at least 4 3/4 per cent. If you are not insistent on strictly high-grade paper, you should obtain at least 5 to 5 1/4 per cent.

THOMPSON, San Francisco, Cal.—There's no likelihood that the Kennecott may restore the quarterly dividend of \$1 in 1919. Copper conditions are in a highly unsatisfactory condition and a sharp turn for the better is not as near as some imaginative oracles would have us believe. Costs of production still are uncommonly high, and it will be impossible to reduce them to pre-war levels. The Kennecott itself needs a great deal of money in order to develop its properties in Alaska and South America. However, since the worst has undoubtedly happened in the industry, it will be advisable for you to stick to your certificate and to buy another one in case of a relapse to about 28.

First Soldier (in restaurant)—How's your egg, Bill? Second Soldier—I'll match you to see who goes back for the gas-masks.—Jersey Journal.

Dora—Agnes married a self-made man, didn't she? Ethel—Yes, but she has compelled him to make extensive alterations.—Tit-Bits.

"Aunt Belle, if you had your life to live over again, what would you do?" "I'd get married before I had sense enough to decide to be an old maid."—New York Globe.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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14th Ward—GUS. A. BAUR  
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